

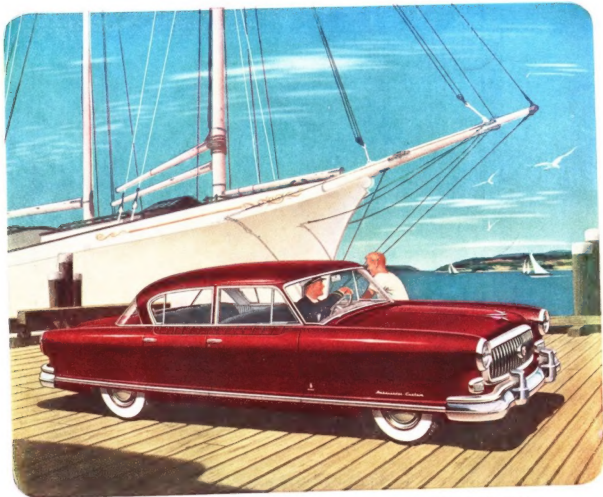
TIME

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Chapin-Rowe

SENATOR JOHN WILLIAMS
He found the rascals out.



ONE OF 17 BRILLIANT NEW GOLDEN AIRFLYTE MODELS, STYLED BY PININ FARINA, THIS NASH AMBASSADOR IS UP-HOLSTERED IN BLACK NEEDLEPOINT AND SMART STRIPED HOMERPUN. HOOD ORNAMENT, WHITE SIDEWALLS OPTIONAL.

WE'VE GONE YOUR DREAMS ONE BETTER

HERE IT STANDS—admired as the newest of America's cars—proudly wearing the royal crest of Pinin Farina, its famous stylist. The Nash Golden Airflyte!

You who love luxury, come see the car that goes your dreams one better. See doors that magically open at one finger's touch! Seats that are sofas, in size and softness—and if you wish—seats that recline, even make into beds at night!

Around you, the greatest sweep of vision that ever enchanted your eye—the world's widest windshield! Each breath of air is filtered, heated, circulated scientifically.

You who love fine car performance, come test the new Super Jet-fire engine, even more spectacular than the Nash engine which broke last year's stock car record.


You who love comfort, feel the incredible smoothness of the Airflyte ride . . . new handling ease . . . the quietness of a car forever free of the usual body-bolt rattles.

Yes, here's the car that goes far beyond your dreams . . . the car that you'll be proud to park in your driveway. And it's so much easier to own than you think! Don't wait another day to see your Nash dealer and take a Golden Airflyte ride.



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suppleness... a
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Rochester tailored
into suits with a new
smartness, a new ease
of line.

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Miron Mills, Inc., 51 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



COLONEL N. JAY BOOTS WEARS A ROLEX

LEADERS OF INDUSTRY KNOW *the Value of Time*

A most timely "Lion and the Mouse" saga of the atomic age is emphasized by the operation of the modest sized . . . but uniquely vital . . . Boots Aircraft Nut Corporation, and its guiding spirit, N. Jay Boots. ¶ Contributing greatly to the effectiveness of our aviation expansion are the patents of this former Air Force Colonel, for none of our great aircraft could be built so rapidly or repaired so efficiently were it not for his company's products. ¶ Graduate of the West Point Class of 1915, numbering among his classmates and friends such greats as Carl "Tooley" Spaatz . . . Omar Bradley and Dwight D. Eisenhower . . . here is a manu-

facturer of indispensable material who joins the exacting group of industry leaders who wear Rolex. ¶ It is for safeguarding the precious time of such men as these . . . and for you . . . that Rolex precision wrist-chronometers are made available by leading jewelers throughout the world.

* * *

The Rolex Red Seal attached is your guarantee of accuracy . . . it shows that the Swiss Government has submitted this chronometer to impartial tests and awarded it an official timing certificate. Worn but six hours a day it never needs winding. Its astonishingly accurate movement is completely protected from water, dust and perspiration by the famous imported Super Oyster Case.



The 18 carat gold Rolex Oyster Perpetual Datejust . . .

with 18 carat gold matching bracelet . . . \$1000

How the features of this remarkable timepiece were developed . . . is told in an unusual brochure entitled "BLUEPRINT OF SUPREMACY", sent free to anyone requesting it on business or personal stationery.



ROLEX

Swiss Officially Certified Wrist-Chronometers

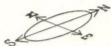
THE AMERICAN ROLEX WATCH CORPORATION • 580 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

2 TIME
October 12, 1952

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Volume LX
Number 15

THE CONVENIENT WAY TO MAKE MORE CALLS FASTER—



Rent a new car from Hertz!



Just step into a nearby Hertz station for your car



Choose the car you want... from Chevrolet to Cadillac



All gas, oil, and proper insurance furnished at low rates



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When you rent from Hertz you get a fine new car, clean inside and out... private as your own. There is nothing that identifies it as a rental car. It's in tip-top condition, a real pleasure to drive. Next time you need a car for business or pleasure, at home or away, use Hertz Service.

Enjoy these many HERTZ SERVICE advantages

A Specific Rate Example... At the Hertz station in Grand Rapids, Michigan, the weekday daytime rate is \$5.00, plus 7c per mile, including gas, oil and insurance. Thus, the total cost for a 30 mile trip is only \$7.10, regardless of how many miles. (In other cities rates may vary slightly from the above example.)

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Private Car Pleasure... You drive a new Chevrolet or other fine new car in splendid condition and as private as your own. Rent any hour, any time, for an hour, day, week, or as long as you wish.

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Now! Charge Cards... Hertz International Charge Cards are issued to well rated business firms and individuals who qualify. The card serves as identification, eliminates deposit requirements, and provides credit privileges when desired. Air Travel Card and Rail Credit Card holders will be extended these same courtesies at all Hertz stations.

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TRUCKS... Hertz is also the world's largest truck leasing and rental organization. Trucks are available at most Hertz stations for daily and weekly rentals or on long-term lease.

NOTE: To serve more cities and towns, licenses are being granted to responsible local interests to operate as part of the Hertz system. For complete information write Hertz Drive-Your-Self System, Inc., Dept. 510, 218 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois.

HERTZ Drive-Your-Self SYSTEM

Look in your telephone directory under "H" for your local Hertz station

WHEREVER YOU ARE...WHEREVER YOU GO...YOU CAN RENT A NEW CAR AS EASY AS **A B C**



More distracting than you think!

Pretty feet may delight the eye . . . but the clickety-clack of heels is certainly no treat to the *ears* when you're trying to work.

That's why Bigelow designed Cushionlok. This attractive new acoustical carpet absorbs up to 90% of all floor noises—and reduces other annoying office sounds such as typewriters, telephones, voices, etc.

It is not unusual to find that Cushionlok insulates and absorbs sound so effectively that often no further acoustical treatment is necessary.

It's so easy to install, while business goes on as usual. Bigelow's new Cushionlok needs no cushion lining

—the rubber cushion is built-in.

That's not all! This good-looking, long-wearing carpet also helps reduce foot fatigue and accidents on slippery floors. Its acoustical properties help you save space, by placing desks and offices closer together. And Cushionlok costs amazingly little to maintain.

For a sample of Bigelow's Cushionlok, write on your business stationery to Dept. A., 140 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Learn why this fine carpet is so perfect for offices, stores, banks, hotels, etc.



BIGELOW'S CUSHIONLOK absorbs up to 90% of floor noises and helps deaden other sounds.

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ARTHRITIS

Today the outlook for most people with arthritis—particularly those affected by the rheumatoid type—is encouraging. This is because medical research has uncovered new facts about this disease, and provided more effective drugs for its treatment.

Such advances are heartening because the arthritic diseases are not only widespread but are second in disabling effect among all diseases in the United States. In fact, the Public Health Service recently reported that more than 10 million people in our country have some form of this disease.

In the sketch above, some basic facts about the two most common forms of chronic arthritis—*rheumatoid arthritis* and *osteoarthritis*—are illustrated. The joint-swelling, which is characteristic of early rheumatoid arthritis, is shown on the index finger. Since the joint itself is not damaged, *prompt* treatment may bring complete relief.

The effects of *advanced* rheumatoid arthritis are shown on the third finger. Here an overgrowth of bone has caused a complete stiffening of the joint. Even at this stage, however, patients can often be helped.

The little finger illustrates the enlarged ends of bones and the diminished joint spaces caused by *osteoarthritis*. It is primarily the result of aging and generally does not cause severe crippling.

Safeguards against Arthritis

1. Keep your weight at normal, or below.
2. Eat a balanced daily diet, and get plenty of rest and sleep.
3. Maintain good posture.
4. Develop a calm mental outlook.
5. Have regular medical and dental check-ups.

Doctors do not consider rheumatoid arthritis simply a disease of the joints. They say that the person who has this condition generally shows signs of disease of the *entire* body. This may be evidenced by loss of weight, fatigue, anemia, infection, emotional upsets, nutritional deficiencies, and sometimes by other more serious conditions.

Whenever signs of rheumatoid arthritis occur, a *thorough physical exam-*

ination is needed. Only in this way can an exact diagnosis be made and treatment outlined to meet the patient's *individual* needs.

There is no known cure as yet for rheumatoid arthritis. Medical authorities believe that standard treatment—if continued persistently—can prevent serious complications in 70 percent of cases, and even completely relieve the painful symptoms in many cases. This treatment includes rest, good nutrition, physical therapy, and other measures.

To help prevent arthritis—or lessen the effects if it should occur—one should not neglect seeing the doctor whenever persistent pain occurs in any joint. Moreover, it is most important for the patient to realize that relief from any type of arthritis depends largely on close and faithful cooperation with the doctor in all phases of treatment.

Above all, arthritic patients should take an optimistic attitude toward this disease, because worry and mental strain may intensify symptoms. Today it is reassuring to know that the *great majority* of arthritis cases can be greatly helped.

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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet 1052T, "Arthritis."

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The VIKING, S-1311,
brown Blushorn grain,
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LETTERS

Political Funds

Sir:

Re Nixon and all public officials, these words of William Penn (in *Fruits of Solitude*): "Let Men have sufficient Salaries and exceed them at their Peril."

"It is a Dishonor to Government that its Officers should live of Benevolence; as it ought to be infamous for Officers to dishonor the Publick by being twice paid for the same Business."

J. M. MOUDY

Durham, N.C.

Sir:

I wish somebody would give me \$18,235 for the operation of my farm. I wouldn't use any of it for any personal expenditure. I would spend it all for producing food for all of us . . .

DARIUS D. BUELL

Elmira, Mich.

Sir:

. . . I think having Senators supported by private contributions is a fine idea—as long as there are a few cut-rate Congressmen around to represent us poor people.

KARL KROEBER

New York City

Sir:

I wish to relate an experience I have had in connection with Senator Nixon . . . I have the hobby of collecting autographed pictures of the persons who appear on the front covers of Time . . . My method is to cut the picture from the magazine, mail it to the person concerned, ask for their autograph, and ask that they return the picture

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TIME
October 13, 1952

Volume LX
Number 15

TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1952



IT&T *presents*
for your enjoyment
 THE INCOMPARABLE NEW
Capehart

The CAPEHART "Ticonderoga." Elegantly styled cabinet in mahogany finish. 21-inch picture, AM radio. Plays all sizes, types, speeds of records automatically.



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Prices start at \$229.95.



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What Makes This Man Well Dressed?

His suit—a new, soft worsted—is correct for the time and place. A new, trimmer model, it is well fitted; note the shoulders and see how shirt collar shows above jacket, and shirt cuffs show below sleeves. Accessories have been properly chosen. But **one** of the principal factors in keeping him well dressed can't be seen . . . Balanced Tailoring by Timely Clothes. This scientific blending of costly hand needlework and sturdy machine sewing tailors in lasting smartness. See "Cremona," the worsted with the creamy-soft touch, and other fall fashions, moderately priced at your Timely Clothier. For his name and **FREE** copy of booklet, "How to Choose Clothes to Improve Your Appearance," write Timely Clothes, Dept. T-31, Rochester 2, New York.

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CLOTHES

look better... longer!

to me . . . Of 17 returns of pictures which I have mailed to U.S. Senators and Representatives, Senator Nixon's envelope was the only one on which postage had been paid—the other 16 Congressmen preferring to return my picture in a franked, postage-free envelope . . .

Bremerton, Wash. **PETER J. KUYPER**

Sir:

. . . WHEN A PUBLIC OFFICIAL ACCEPTS PRIVATE FUNDS FROM INDIVIDUALS, THE OBLIGATION IS WRITTEN IN LEMON JUICE ON HIS SOUL!—AND WILL COME OUT WHEN THE HEAT GOES ON.

NEW YORK CITY

JACK DENTON

Sir:

. . . If those Angels gave [Nixon] this money just because they loved him so, Los Angeles has now replaced Philadelphia as the "City of Brotherly Love." . . .

San Francisco

CYRIL C. SANDERS

Sir:

. . . Ministers of churches accept voluntary contributions to carry on their work against evil . . . Why then should a crusader against Communism . . . be excoriated for using voluntary contributions to carry on his work?

St. Helena, Calif.

META R. CURTIS

Texas Pride

Sir:

We Texans want TIME readers to know that it was in the Texas state penitentiary that "O. Henry" [Sept. 22 issue] served time and started on his road to fame.

Pittsburgh

GEORGE SAPHOS

¶ Reader Saphos is wrong. O. Henry was tried and convicted for a federal offense: embezzlement of funds from the First National Bank of Austin, Texas. He was detained briefly in the Travis County jail but, as TIME reported, served his sentence in the federal penitentiary (Ohio State) in Columbus.—Ed.

Ike's Lieutenants

Sir:

For Douglas Southall Freeman I have high regard, and agree that General Eisenhower may be admitted to the society that produced Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Wade Hampton; but I would ask the distinguished gentleman of Virginia, what do you say of the general's lieutenants:

1. Senator Taft and corrupt methods by which he attempted to sew up Southern delegations.
2. Senator Nixon, whose political and personal ethics have become beclouded . . .
3. Senator Styles Bridges, paid \$15,000 a year by [John L. Lewis' U.M.W. Welfare Fund].
4. Senator Owen Brewster . . .
5. Senator Joseph McCarthy . . .

MAX FLEISCHER

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Not Only Clowns

Sir:

Who says that we Republicans don't have a sense of humor? We have renominated that clown Joe McCarthy in Wisconsin and his comrades Jenner and Cain in their respective states . . . I do hope that we don't carry our humor too far and produce a framework of senatorial party organization within which it would be impossible for con-

TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1952

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Illustration: Peter

French Line

ACCENT ON ROMANCE

Moonlight reflects light on jet water... gentle ocean breezes play tag with a fallen rose... two figures meet. This is romance—this is life aboard France-Afloat where the atmosphere is as gay and romantic as France herself.

On whichever French Line ship you journey, you'll find the settings exquisite, the service incomparable.

The sun-warmed decks, the relaxing sports, the entertainment, the fabulous cuisine, the excellent wines, all contribute to make your voyage a romantic adventure.

Whether you are bound for England or the Continent, choose a great French Line ship—the luxurious \$1,850-ton *Liberté* or the celebrated *Ile de France*.

You'll find the famous French flair for fine living in all classes. Plan your voyage now, during the thrift season.

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Other French Line offices: Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Halifax, Montreal, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Vancouver, B. C., Washington, D. C., Winnipeg, Man.

French Line sailings from New York and minimum one-way thrift-season fares to Plymouth (slightly higher for Le Havre): *Liberté*, Nov. 5, 21; Dec. 7, 27; Jan. 14, 30; First Class, \$330; Cabin, \$210; Tourist, \$145. *Ile de France*, Oct. 29; Nov. 14; Jan. 21; Feb. 7, 24; First Class, \$325; Cabin, \$210; Tourist, \$145.

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the "Rocket"!



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you to try a thrilling
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"ROCKET"! . . . a magic name to more than a million Oldsmobile owners! "ROCKET"! . . . flashing high-compression power at its very best! "ROCKET"! . . . drive the sensational Super "88" for your once-in-a-lifetime "Rocket" thrill! Experience the smooth, swift surge of "Rocket" Engine power as it teams with Hydra-Matic Super Drive[®]! Thrill to the ease of GM Hydraulic Steering[®]—the amazing convenience of the Autronic-Eye[®], Oldsmobile's automatic headlight dimmer! Come ride the "Rocket"—there's nothing else like it! Make your date with Oldsmobile's brilliant new Super "88"!

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[®]Hydra-Matic Super Drive, GM Hydraulic Steering,
Autronic-Eye, optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories
and trim, subject to change without notice.

Here, Oldsmobile Super "88" 4-Door Sedan.

"ROCKET" OLDSMOBILE

structive [Republican] conservatives and responsible liberals such as Morse, Ives, Lodge, Smith, Saltonstall, Aiken, Duff and Thye to operate in behalf of the people
Ann Arbor, Mich. DAVID CARGO

Double Southpaw

Sir:
Does he need a refresher course in anatomy, or has Scripps-Howard's Talburt confirmed my direst suspicion that Secretary Acheson does have two left hands?

FREDERIC R. JOHNSON
North Hollywood, Calif.

Cartoonist Talburt admits that he nodded at his drawing board.—Ed.



Mirror's Beat

SIR:
DON'T YOU READ ANYTHING APPEARING WEST OF HOLLAND TUNNEL? STORY OF DORIS DUKE AND HER 'OGI WHICH YOU CREDIT TO NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN IN YOUR SEPT. 20 ISSUE WAS ORIGINATED BY AND PUBLISHED IN THE LOS ANGELES MIRROR SIX DAYS BEFORE MIRROR ENTERPRISES SYNDICATE RELEASED IT.

J. EDWARD MURRAY
MIRROR MAN. EDIT.
REX BARLEY
MGR.

MIRROR ENTERPRISES SYNDICATE
LOS ANGELES

The Practical Basques

Sir:
I seldom have read such inaccurate and even fantastic information as yours about the Basques published in TIME of Sept. 22... As a pure Basque, exclusively descended from Basques, I am ashamed of the intent to present the Spanish Basques as a picturesque, dancing and pseudomystic people, when they are the most practical, active and earnest of the Spaniards.

JOSÉ F. DE LEQUERICA
Ambassador of Spain

Washington, D.C.

Sir:
Being an American of Basque descent, I couldn't help but laugh when the language was referred to as "jawbreaking." True, true, but to me, and without exception, it is the most beautiful language in the whole wide world...

MARIE ILIZALITURRI GOETHALS
Los Angeles

Marathon Kisses?

Sir:
With reference to "Magnetic Molars" [TIME, Sept. 22], how would you prevent

TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1952

* gyromatic

* SELF-WINDING



* WATER-PROTECTED



* SHOCK-RESISTANT



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the world's finest automatic watch

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FREMONT—a smart conservative Wing Tip Oxford of imported brown Luxura calf. Footsavers from \$19.95 to \$24.50.

Have you got "5 o'clock feet"?

If your complaining feet go on strike after work, lead them straight into a pair of *Footsavers*!

Right then, you'll shake hands with Comfort.

Such marvelous foot-flexing freedom as men dream of—but seldom meet.

This *true wonder* is worked by a hidden, marvelously ingenious bit of shoe-making. Patented.

So good that it enables us not just to provide comfort but to **GUARANTEE** it.

Try *Footsavers*! At your nearest Bostonian *Footsaver* store.

Bostonian Footsavers

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Greater comfort than you've ever known!

two lovers, both sporting this latest innovation, from being locked in a "magnetic" embrace?

WILLIAM SOMEKH

St. John's, Newfoundland

The Lady is a Tramp, But . . .

Sir:

"How to Stop Smoking" [TIME, Sept. 15] prompts an addict to reply: Why? Tobacco is a drug but a good drug. Consider the eminent and distinguished persons, men & women, of high repute, superior judgments and discriminating tastes, who find comfort and release from nervous tensions through the soothing influence of this mild narcotic . . . Lady Nicotine is a dear . . . Don't ever let them take it away.

HUGH MCCARTHY

Minneapolis

Sir:

. . . Having read your excerpted report of Dr. Johnston's article and subsequently taken stock of myself, I laid aside my tobacco and the whole nasty habit. By this afternoon my spirits have risen four points, I ran the mile in 4:15.3, and have eaten seven five-course meals and said risqué things to over 20 ladies.

And what if the millions of smokers in this country were to "swear off" and experience "an accession of . . . sexual potency?" Already, a woman isn't safe on the streets; tomorrow, it may be that a man isn't.

PARFON THILKING

Honolulu

Again & Again

Sir:

To a Roman Catholic one of the most discouraging aspects of American life is the way that falsehoods about the church that have been disproved again & again are repeated again & again. It is therefore probably of little use that I tell R. Louise Travous of Edwinstown, Ill. [TIME, Sept. 15] that "only Roman Catholics go to heaven" is NOT a doctrine of the Catholic Church. Evidently she has never heard of Father Feeney of Boston and his condemnation by church authorities because he taught this very thing. If she really knows of parochial schools where such a doctrine is taught . . . they should be reported to their bishops for teaching their children heresy.

LOUISE CRUCE STURDEVANT

Washington, D. C.

Sorry, Mr. Gallico

Sir:

. . . In your review of Mrs. Luce's *Saints for Now*, to which I am a contributor [TIME, Sept. 29], you refer to "Sports Writer Paul Gallico." I have not written sports since 1936. Since that time I have earned my living writing short stories, novels and moving pictures.

PAUL GALICO

New York City

The British Answer

Sir:

TIME [Sept. 15], in reporting U.S. airmen's criticism of Britain's Farnborough Air Display, says: ". . . The British exhibit their designs (e.g., the ill-fated DH-110) long before they have been properly tested." . . . The aircraft which crashed was the first of the DH-110 prototypes. . . It had completed 150 hours flying since its maiden flight over a year ago and . . . had logged over 100 flights at supersonic speeds. It should also be remembered that in 20 years of Farnborough flying displays, this was the first fatal accident.

A. S. JOHNSON

London, England



It surprises you beautifully!

HERE is an automobile that crowds 4300 pounds and stretches over 17 feet from bumper to massive bumper—yet handles lightly as a baton.

Here is a car broadly stanced and spacious on the inside—yet it can sweep its speedometer needle up to the legal limit in a matter of seconds.

Here is a car so hushed at cruising speed, so luxuriously smooth on concrete or black top or cobbled roads, so completely relaxing even on a dawn-to-dusk journey—it's a tremendous surprise to those new to a ROADMASTER.

In all truth, you get surprise upon surprise in this graceful beauty.

You get it from the mighty sweep of the greatest horsepower ever to be had in a Buick—and from Airpower carburetion, which puts new thrift in this power.

You get it from the superb silencing engineered into truly sumptuous interiors.

You get it from the impeccable smoothness of Dynaflow Drive.

You get it from the artful assistance of Power Steering* which adds to your strength on the wheel, but *only* when you need it.

You get it from the all-coil-spring cushioning with which this buoyant beauty takes the road—level, steady, instinctively on course.

But the biggest surprise of all is the satisfaction you get from the sum total of all these—from possession of a thing of beauty and eagerness and lifting spirit.

Wouldn't you like to visit your Buick dealer for a ROADMASTER sampling—tomorrow?

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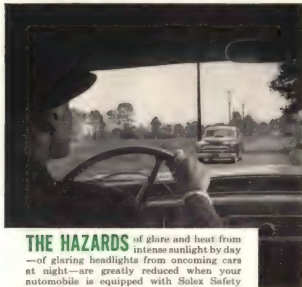
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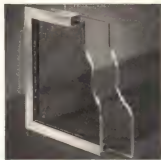
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STORES— like this appliance shop in Cleveland, Miss.—utilize Solex because it takes the heat out of sunshine, without sacrificing the light transmission properties of high quality glass. Most of the solar infrared and ultraviolet rays are absorbed, while adequate, soft daylight is transmitted for clear visibility into and out of the store.



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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader



U. S. Air Force
NÉE CALLAHAN

Not long ago, TIME made a special subscription offer to servicemen, writing them about the fabulous exploits of a mythical Captain "Hot Shot" Callahan. Captain Callahan, it seemed, had everything it took to make small boys dream about their own conquest of the wild blue yonder.

"Back in the last war," said the letter, "he was the sharpest cutter ever to hit the runways at Maxwell Field. He soloed after four hours, now-rolled after 20. By the time he reached Basic, he could do a split-S from 5,000 feet; in Advanced, he could fly instruments like a night hawk, and he'd give his instructor the jitters by touching wing tips in formation . . .

"The Air Forces sent him to India, where he flew a flock of missions out of a funny little strip at Ondal. He could give a Zero half a turn and still nail it in his sights. And one day he buzzed the airfield at Rangoon just to drop some comic books."

With a chest full of ribbons, the letter went on, "Hot Shot" Callahan found himself in demand as a speaker at lectures, dinners and bond rallies when he returned to the U.S. He accepted with pleasure, found the audiences were intrigued at first by his war experiences. "But after a while," the letter said, "Callahan began to notice that more & more of his dinner partners were talking to the people on their other side or across the table—and even sometimes across his own smartly tailored jacket, as though he wasn't there. And Callahan never seemed to be able to get into the conversation because they didn't talk about flyers, but about books or business or politics or art or Russia—or something else he knew nothing whatever about."

Eventually, on the verge of choosing a new career, Callahan picked up a battered copy of TIME at an airline terminal, the letter said. He got so interested, he bought a copy of the latest issue and read it through. Abruptly, he found himself back in the conversational swim. He found, said the letter, "that he was having a wonderful time. For he had discovered the fun of knowing and talking about the fascinating, unzero-

nautical world of adventure and love and villainy and achievement and tragedy and comedy and hope that is the news."

A short time after that letter went out, TIME received an answer from a real Captain Callahan—Captain James P. Callahan of the U.S. Air Force. "I don't remember giving anybody permission to capitalize on my capabilities as a flyer or my inability to know what to talk about at dinner parties . . . Your letter . . . has made my association with personnel of this squadron a standard joke.

"Undoubtedly, no malicious intent was meant by the publishers . . . However, good-humored as one can possibly be, everything has a saturation point, and mine is near at hand. It takes years to mold a good character, and usually one joke can't tear it down.

"The intent of your letter is obvious; you want new subscriptions . . . What is my intent? Enclosed, please find card and check for a year's subscription to TIME."

His letter was turned over to Bob Fidler of TIME's circulation department,

who replied: "Your letter strikes a responsive note in me because: I wrote the first letter; it's doing very well; I was Callahan. I was an Air Forces pilot in India during the last war, flying C-47s and C-46s for both the Transport and Troop Carrier Command. Of course, in writing the copy I had to inject a little more color, so I made our hero a fighter pilot and changed the name to Callahan (after all, flying those boxcars

wasn't very glamorous, and there's hardly anything poetic in the name of Fidler).

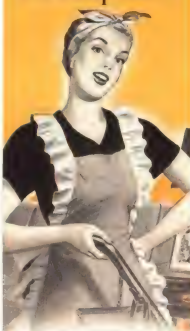
"So I hope you won't think, Captain, that I have been spying on you, or that I have taken any pilot for a long ride. And if the boys in the squadron give you a hard time, just ask them, 'How many letters have you had written about you?'"

Callahan reports that the boys in the squadron have quit kidding him, that his big problem now has become to keep them from "swiping my copies of TIME."

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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Measure of Devotion

IT WAS ONLY on rare occasions that Edna Allen permitted herself the luxury of hiring a woman to help her clean the house. But now, with the holidays just around the corner and Peggy on the way home from college for a long week end, Edna decided that the occasion was special enough to warrant it.

And so, for this one day, she "borrowed" a Mrs. Webb from one of her friends across town who employed her regularly.

The woman, a pleasant-faced person with a tremendous capacity for work, arrived promptly at nine. By noon the upstairs was done and Mrs. Webb had become quite talkative. By the time they'd finished the downstairs and were tidying up the kitchen, Mrs. Webb had covered the early chapters of her life and her conversation had largely to do with her late husband, Jerry Webb.

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Allen, there wasn't a finer man ever lived than my Jerry. He was always so thoughtful and so devoted to me and the children. Never did I have a birthday that he didn't bring me a little present and maybe a box of candy, too. He never forgot an anniversary either, and he was always bringing home little surprises for the children.

"Where do you want these glasses, Mrs. Allen? On the top shelf?

"Yes, it was certainly a shock when poor Jerry passed away nine years ago. Well, that's life, I guess. One day you think you have everything—and then, all of a sudden, you have nothing.

"I guess this will finish up the kitchen, don't you think, Mrs. Allen?"

After Mrs. Webb left, Edna Allen stood at the doorway and watched her as she walked down the street towards the bus stop. Then she turned and went up the stairs to her bedroom—slowly, because she suddenly felt quite tired.

For a long time she sat on the stool in front of her dressing table and looked at the photograph of Dick Allen that stood on the right-hand side under one of the lamps. He had a strong face and a determined one. He had always been so engrossed in the big problems of life that he sometimes forgot the smaller ones . . . flowers on her birthday . . . little surprises for their daughter Peggy. He had let her fifth anniversary slip by unnoticed—he had been working late at the office for days—and even though they joked about it afterwards, Edna recalled that she had



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

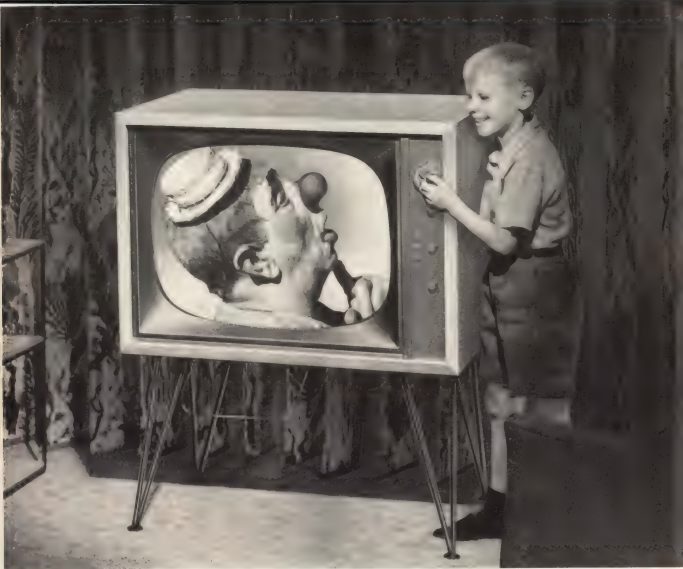
felt a little put out about it at the time.

It wasn't until after the accident which took Dick Allen's life that Edna realized how deep and how complete his devotion had been. Her husband's New York Life agent, Paul Warren, came to the house to explain the details of Dick's life insurance. Each policy had its special purpose in the careful plan which Dick and Paul Warren had worked out together over the years. Her own lifetime income . . . money to pay what was left of the mortgage . . . Peggy's

expenses through college. Yes, she thought, Dick had sometimes forgotten the little things, but the important ones he had remembered well.

Edna glanced at her watch with a start. Peggy's train was due in less than an hour, and she was nowhere near ready to meet her. She turned on the light on her dressing table and moved the photograph just a little closer to it . . .

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THE CAMPAIGN

The Other McCarthy

More than six weeks ago, when the political woods still buzzed with rumors that Adlai Stevenson planned to keep Harry Truman in a minor role in the 1952 presidential race, Mr. Truman firmly announced that he himself was the key to the campaign. Last week, haranguing his way through the Far West, Harry Truman went a long way toward proving his point.

The significance attached to Truman by the Republican opposition was attested by the G.O.P.'s first countermove: Michigan's Senator Homer Ferguson, Iowa's Senator Bourke Hickenlooper and South Dakota's Senator Francis Case joined to form a Republican "Truth Squad," set out to follow Truman through the same whistle stops and present the Republican rebuttal to his "facts." The Republican vigilance was thoroughly justified; the President was engaged in a no-holds-barred assault on the Republican Party's strongest asset. At Montana's Tiber Dam, Truman pushed down a plunger setting off a dynamite charge. Playfully, he told reporters: "This is what we're going to do to Eisenhower."

Whistle-stopping at Havre, Mont., the President charged that Ike had been slow to recognize the Soviet threat after World War II. "His advice," said Truman, "carried great weight and it therefore did a great deal of harm." (New York's Governor Tom Dewey countered this charge in a television show—see below.)

Moving on to dedicate Montana's Hungry Horse Dam, where he donned a safety hat labeled "Harry," Truman warned his audience: "All of you who are here today better go over and take another look at this dam, because if the Republicans win this election it will be a long time before you see another structure of this kind." This statement brought forth from the "Truth Squad" the assertion that the Republican-controlled 80th Congress had appropriated more money for Hungry Horse than had the Democratic-controlled 79th Congress. Replied Eisenhower: "Anyone who thinks I am not interested in flood control and all the reclamation projects that we have in sight . . . is just talking through his hat."

In Seattle Harry Truman ridiculed Ike's promise that as President he would eliminate waste in the armed services. Said Harry: "When he was Chief of Staff . . . he did just the opposite. He eliminated the Army Service Forces, the combined

procurement agency that had been so successful during the war . . ."

Truman's real job was to cut Eisenhower down to size. At San Francisco he did this in the most effective possible way—by reminding his audience that the general used to work for Truman. "He is," said Harry, "the man I chose to be a chief



TRUMAN AT HUNGRY HORSE
He pushed the plunger.

lieutenant in some of the greatest and gravest undertakings of my Administration . . . The reason I have spoken out . . . is that the general has betrayed himself . . . by his wild attacks on policies and programs for which he had a great responsibility—and received great credit."

Renewing Adlai Stevenson's charge that Ike in 1947 had joined in recommending withdrawal of U.S. troops from Korea, Truman also implied that the Berlin blockade might never have taken place if Ike had followed instructions in 1945 and had gotten from the Russians written assurances that the U.S. would be permitted free access to Berlin.

Truman's speeches drew many indignant editorials, but they also drew good crowds, who understood every word he said and seemed to accept it as truth. The speeches were better written and better delivered than those in his 1948 campaign. They had the power of oversimplified

clarity, like Joe McCarthy's attacks on the Truman Administration. Truman reaches a lot of people that Stevenson does not, just as McCarthy reaches a lot of people that Eisenhower does not.

The campaign, which had started at a high level, would not stay there if Truman became "the key." Apparently, slugging Harry Truman was still determined to be the key.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Policy by Hunch

Dean Acheson, mustache bristling with indignation, strode into the State Department pressroom one day last week. Correspondents, scrambling to their feet at the unusual visitation, did not have to ask the reason. The Secretary of State had news: Moscow had just asked the U.S. to recall Ambassador to Russia George F. Kennan.

Diplomat Kennan had talked to reporters in Berlin three weeks before and had made a statement: the life of a U.S. diplomat in Soviet Russia is little better than existence was in Nazi Germany, where he had been briefly interned after Pearl Harbor. This line of talk, said a note from Moscow to the State Department, was "a rude violation of generally recognized norms of international law."

Dean Acheson angrily told his audience in the pressroom that it was Russia itself which had broken the "norms" by its long-standing campaign of vituperation against the U.S.* Nevertheless, there was no choice: Kennan would be called home for "consultation." A new Ambassador to Moscow will probably not be appointed till next year.

Those are the surface facts of the Kennan case. The facts behind it are more interesting, and throw a sharp light on the Administration's "containment" policy toward Russia.

Why He Went to Moscow. Kennan was appointed Ambassador to Moscow last February because Secretary of State Dean Acheson and his top advisers, notably Kennan himself, had become persuaded that there might be a chance for a new and better phase in U.S.-Russian

* But not usually carried on by its ambassadors. A few days before the Kennan news broke, the new Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., Georgi Zarubin, presented his credentials to Harry Truman and uttered some impeccable, if speculatively false sentiments about an improvement of U.S.-Russian relations.

relations. Kennan, who served in Russia before (1933-37, 1942-46) and speaks the language fluently, seemed to be the man to make the most of a chance for negotiations should it come. Just why Acheson and Kennan thought that the Russians were about ready for a settlement is not clear; there was no concrete evidence. Senior State Department officials now admit that it was just a hopeful hunch.

The hunch was an outgrowth of the containment policy, the essence of which is that if the Russians are kept from further expansion they will eventually become easier to deal with. Kennan, principal author of the containment policy, tends to see the Politburo as a projection of historical Czarist policy, gives a lesser place in his appraisal to the dynamics of Communism's drive for world conquest. Shortly before he went to Moscow last May, Kennan said: "I will be happy if the work at Moscow gives me a chance to make a contribution to the reduction of existing tensions and the improvement of the international atmosphere. These are objectives which seem to me urgently desirable and I see no reason why they should not be within the realm of possibility if the other party is willing."

When Kennan arrived in Moscow, he was shocked by a violent "hate-America" campaign in the Russian press, and said so in his reports to Acheson. That Expert Kennan should have been surprised was surprising, for the campaign had gone on for 18 months before his arrival in Moscow, and had been reported by the U.S. press and by U.S. Government experts.

Why He Is Coming Home. Kennan, who favored keeping the channels open for negotiation with Russia, found the channels plugged; he got virtually no chance to talk privately to any Russian officials. Early last month, Acheson seemed to give up hope that his original hunch was right. In a Kansas City speech, he said that the Soviet hate campaign "contradicts [Russian] pretensions of peace and pushes off still further a beginning upon the peaceful settlement by negotiation of problems between the Soviet Union and the outside world." When they heard that passage in Acheson's speech, some Washington hands predicted that Kennan would soon ask for another assignment.

Then, in mid-September, Kennan traveled to London for a conference of U.S. Ambassadors. Stopping in Berlin, he made his statement to the press about his life in Moscow. It was even impossible, said Kennan, to speak to Russians in the street; they had orders not to have anything to do with Americans. Even personal servants were hostile. A U.S. diplomat in Russia lived like a prisoner.

The statement was true enough, but hardly news: former U.S. Ambassadors in Moscow had undergone similar treatment. Furthermore, it was not in character: Kennan rarely talks this freely to newsmen. Kennan could hardly have been surprised at the Russian reaction to his remarks. *Pravda* promptly blasted him as



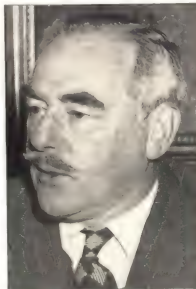
Associated Press

AMBASSADOR KENNAN
A failure to relieve tension . . .

an "ecstatic liar."* Kennan may have had an idea that the Kremlin would ask for his recall; although an important Communist congress was to open in Moscow this week (see *FOREIGN NEWS*), he did not hurry back to his post, instead went to visit his daughter in Switzerland.

The ban on Kennan does not greatly change U.S.-Russian relations. It is just another instance where the wishful thinking at the heart of the containment policy turned out to be wrong.

* It also painted a sinister picture of Kennan on V-E day in Moscow, alleging that he told a British Communist reporter, "Ha! They think the war has ended, and it is really just beginning."



Associated Press

SECRETARY ACHESON
. . . brought an unusual visitation.

DEMOCRATS

"Give Me Time"

At a Democratic luncheon in Cincinnati's Netherland Plaza Hotel, Adlai Stevenson explained his reason for beginning a one-day swing into Ohio in Senator Robert Taft's hometown. Said Adlai: "I think of Cincinnati—and not New York—as the elephant's nest, or should I say the lair?"

It was on the issue these lines suggested—Ike's "captivity" to Taft and "the Republican Old Guard"—that Adlai Stevenson based most of his campaign last week. In warning tones Stevenson reminded his Cincinnati audience of "the fatal error" of the liberal Republicans who in 1920 supported Warren Harding. The Republican situation in 1952, implied Stevenson, was much the same.

Moving on to Columbus, Stevenson expounded the Democratic Party's concern for what he called "the family problems of a democracy," i.e., education, hospitalization, social security and housing. Said he: "I am glad to be in Ohio and I am glad to pay my respects to the uncrowned boss of the Republican Party—Senator Taft. At least you know where Senator Taft stands—even if you don't like how he stands."

Next day Stevenson went to Fort Dodge, Iowa, to dedicate the town's new airport. Out of the crowd which shivered under a cold, biting wind, a voice called: "Give 'em hell, Adlai!"

"Well, give me time," hollered Stevenson in reply. Then Stevenson told his largely agricultural audience that the Republican Party does not dare stand on its own farm policy record. "Instead," said he, "it has a 'me-too' candidate running on a 'yes-but' platform, advised by a 'has-been' staff."

At St. Paul, Minn. the same evening, the Democratic candidate stepped up his attack. He slashed at Eisenhower's tacit support of McCarthy: "My opponent has . . . cheapened the time-honored custom of endorsements." Ominously, he expounded on his portrait of Ike's advisers and their intentions: "The dominant Old Guard of the Republican Party has captured the candidate . . . With do-nothing, care-nothing, mindless mumbo jumbo, they will let America and the world slide into a depression, and such a misery bears the seeds of another world war."

Stevenson's aides were worried by the fact that he was not drawing crowds. His voice and manner, effective indoors, was sadly disappointing outdoors. As if to make up for these drawbacks, Stevenson was swinging harder.

THE SOUTH

Different This Year

At first it looked as if Dwight Eisenhower's foray into South Carolina might be a flop. The crowd that turned up at the Columbia airport to greet him was small; on the way into the capital (pop. 90,000) with smiling Governor Jimmy

Byrnes, the motorcade passed a line of bleachers that was empty except for one girl staring solemnly at the visitor. But later, when Eisenhower emerged from the governor's office, it became clear why there had been so few people on the streets; they had all gathered around the Statehouse to hear Ike speak. A great crowd—police estimated it at 50,000—packed the Statehouse lawn and the wide streets leading to it.

"I want you to know," Ike said, "that I am proud to come here and ask for the help of the Solid South to win this election for America." He chose as his text two sentences from a Stevenson speech at Los Angeles in which Adlai had said that the "honor and nobility of politics" had become "empty phrases," and that this was the fault not "of the lower order of the genus pol" but of "you, the people." Said Eisenhower: "Are you to blame for allowing nation after nation to fall to the Communists? . . . Are you to blame that . . . our country has no clear, positive, practical program for peace? . . ." On each major issue, Ike asked the same question: Are you to blame? Each time, the crowd roared no.

On the touchy issue of civil liberties, Ike said: "Neither at home nor in the eyes of the world can America risk the weakness that inevitably results when any group of our people are ranked—politically or economically—as second-class citizens." At that, the otherwise enthusiastic crowd was silent.

Some Eisenhower enthusiasts believe that he can carry South Carolina's eight electoral votes, although no Republican since Reconstruction has come close to winning. Eisenhower and Nixon will be on the South Carolina ballot apart from the regular Democratic and Republican columns, so that a South Carolinian will be able to vote for them without voting Republican. The Democrats are confident that they can hold South Carolina. They think that Ike may get as many as 75,000 votes, but believe the state total will exceed 200,000. All concede that South Carolina is less safe for Stevenson than several other Southern states: Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina, Arkansas, Tennessee and Kentucky. In the rest of the South, Stevenson has a fight on his hands. Last week's developments:

Texas. To nobody's surprise, Governor Allan Shivers came out flatly for Ike. Said he: "This year of decision is a time to place principle above party and the interests of our state and nation above tradition and habit . . . I fear that Stevensonism will be Trumanism with a Harvard accent."

Florida. Senator Smathers announced that he would vote for Stevenson but would not campaign for him. Asked to introduce him at a forthcoming appearance in Florida, Smathers replied: "I would have to say that I do not agree with him on the tidelands oil grab, on the jail-sentence FEPC, and on gagging of the Senate." Meanwhile, a Florida politico petitioned the Democratic National Com-

mittee to unseat Richard Barker, Florida's national committeeman, because of his "lack of cooperation" in campaigning for Stevenson. Nevertheless, Stevenson seems to be ahead in Florida.

Louisiana. The Longs are out for Stevenson; their enemy, Governor Robert Kennon, is for Ike although he is not yet actively campaigning. Unless New Orleans unexpectedly swings Republican after Ike and Stevenson speak there this month, the state will probably stay Democratic.

Virginia. This seems to be the Southern state in which Stevenson is in greatest peril. In 1948, Virginia voted 41.4% Republican, plus 10.4% Dixiecrat. Eisenhower is far more popular than Dewey was in 1948, but Stevenson is more popular than Truman was. Leaders of the Byrd machine, one of the most effective (and cleanest) in the U.S., have agreed to disagree in the 1952 election. Some are work-



George Stoddard—Lit.
TOM DEWEY
Effective.

ing for Stevenson, some for Ike and some are following the example of the boss, Senator Harry F. Byrd, who is "picking apples" and not saying how he will vote. If Byrd comes out strongly for either side, he will swing the state. If he stays neutral, Ike has an even chance.

REPUBLICANS

The Egg & Ike

A month ago Tom Dewey promised that when the campaign got rolling he'd work at it 18 hours a day. Up to last week he remained relatively quiet. Then, in two highly effective TV appearances, Dewey got to work. His objective: to win that almost indispensable state, New York, for the Republicans.

Fully aware of New York's highly developed social conscience, Dewey first turned his attack on Alabama's Senator John J. Sparkman. The Democrats' man,

said Dewey, is "the Jim Crow candidate for Vice President." Sparkman, who had just completed a three-day tour in upstate New York, "brings into this state the worst record of hatred and warfare against minorities of any man who ever walked into this state." Twice, said Dewey going to the record, Alabama's Sparkman voted against anti-lynching bills, and twice he voted against bills to abolish the poll tax.

On June 7, 1948, said Dewey, John Sparkman became the "busiest Jim Crow agent in America." On that he voted against 1) abolishing segregation in the armed forces, 2) an anti-lynching measure to protect members of the armed forces, 3) exempting servicemen from paying poll taxes.

Next, Dewey applied himself to straightening out some statements Harry Truman had made on his whistle-stop tour about Eisenhower. Dewey's main point: Eisenhower did not give the Administration bad advice about Russia in 1945. Actually, at Potsdam that year, Eisenhower 1) protested to Truman that if Germany was divided the results would be "catastrophic," 2) advised Truman not to invite Russia to fight Japan because the U.S. could handle the job itself. As early as 1945, he said, Eisenhower urged the Administration to keep the U.S. militarily strong against the threat of Russia.

To say that Eisenhower was responsible for the Berlin blockade in 1948, said Dewey, was "the most shocking exhibition of hypocrisy and downright fraud." Dewey, an accomplished television speaker, had a little show prepared to make his point. He cracked a raw egg into an ash tray. This, he said, symbolized the "mess" the politicians made of the German situation. Then, said Dewey, the politicians ordered Eisenhower: "General, you put that yolk back into the egg."

"Why Not Better?"

In Michigan last week, nearly 100,000 people turned out to see Eisenhower as he whistled across the state.

Contributing mightily to the general excitement and confusion was the erratic behaviour of the Eisenhower train. At Saginaw, Ike had barely opened his mouth to say "Ladies & gentlemen . . ." when the engineer sent the Eisenhower train rolling inexorably away from the assembled crowd. At Lapeer, the next stop, the train again pulled out before Ike could speak, then halted some distance off, where Ike and Mamie began to sign autographs. As the train started up for the second time, Ike caught Mamie in the act of handing a pen down to an autograph-seeker and cried out in anguish: "No, no, Mamie. That's my pen."

In Illinois, after a stop-off in Springfield, where he expressed thanks to Governor Stevenson for giving state employees

* Dewey, who rarely misses a point in this kind of argument, forgot one: in Sparkman's Alabama, the Democratic roster at the top of the ballot bears the printed legend: White Supremacy.



EISENHOWER ON COMMUNISM

GREAT truths," said Dwight Eisenhower last week at Milwaukee, "can, at times, be startlingly simple." The great truth Ike had in mind: the opposition of Communism and freedom. Said Ike:

"Communism and freedom . . . signify two titanic ideas, two ways of life, two totally irreconcilable beliefs in the nature and destiny of man. The one—freedom—knows man as a creature of God, blessed with a free and individual destiny, governed by eternal moral and natural laws.

"The second—Communism—claims man to be an animal creature of the state, curses him for his stubborn instinct for independence, governs with a tyranny that makes its subjects wither away . . .

"Only a few years ago, many moved among us who argued cunningly against this plain truth. Their speech was persuasive and their vocabulary very clever. Remember? It went like this: 'After all, while we stand for political democracy, they stand for economic democracy . . .'

"We must never forget that sophisticated lie. We will never forget it. For it partly poisoned two whole decades of our national life. It insinuated itself into our schools, our public forums, some of our news channels, some of our labor unions and—most terrifyingly—into Government itself . . .

"These years have indeed been a harrowing time in our history. It has been a time of both honest illusion and dishonest betrayal—both terribly costly. It has been a time that should have taught us, with cold finality, the truth about freedom and Communism."

"Proud Prisoners." "Most of us . . . have learned. An important few have not . . . They are the proud prisoners of their own mistakes." The men who did not learn about Communism, Eisenhower implied, were the followers of Harry Truman and Adlai Stevenson, both of whom he proceeded to quote. "They are those who cheered the blithe dismissal of the Alger Hiss case as 'a red herring.' They are those who applauded two weeks ago when an Administration Democrat grandly declared that Communists in our national life were 'not very important' and he advised that we should not waste time chasing 'phantoms' . . .

"Perhaps," said Ike, "my deep concern is sharpened by personal experience and personal knowledge. I know what fifth columns can do to a free nation . . . and I know personally what alertness was required—both in our wartime operations and in

NATO planning—to guard against espionage. I learned that national secrets and national security can be guarded and that there are ways to defeat the cleverest of spies—Nazi or Communist . . . In the entire American record in Europe there is no single instance where the enemy gained essential information of our plans through the medium of spies or subversive agents."

Drawing a distinction between his kind of fight against Communism and Joe McCarthy's, Eisenhower warned against "violent vigilantism. To defend freedom," said he, "is—first of all—to respect freedom . . . That respect demands another, quite simple kind of respect—respect for the integrity of fellow citizens who enjoy their right to disagree with us. The right to challenge a man's judgment carries with it no automatic right to question his honor." (Joe McCarthy, on the platform, did not applaud these sentences—although the crowd did.)

"No Grant of Privilege." Eisenhower outlined his own counterattack against Communist infiltration: "To begin with: all of us . . . must remember that the Bill of Rights contains no grant of privilege for a group of people to destroy the Bill of Rights. A group—like the Communist conspiracy—dedicated to the ultimate destruction of all civil liberties cannot be allowed to claim civil liberties as its privileged sanctuary from which to carry on subversion of the Government . . .

"Let every person or organization distributing political literature through the mails be made to disclose its source of funds and its membership. Let every organization affecting our political life be compelled to make public its finances, membership and affiliations . . .

"Having done this, let us make one more fact plain: to work for the United States Government is a privilege, not a right . . . Every official of the Federal Government—on every level—must ever be ready to answer any question from appropriate sources touching upon his loyalty and devotion to the United States of America . . .

"We have all had enough, I believe, of those who have sneered at the warnings of men trying to drive Communists from high places . . . We have all had enough, I believe, of men who seem to feel that freedom can do nothing but fret and whine as it watches its own slow, sure death.

"The future of this country belongs to more courageous men . . . The future belongs to men who know—in their hearts and minds, their souls and very bones—that freedom can be strong."



STEVENSON ON COMMUNISM

In a televised fireside chat last week, Adlai Stevenson reviewed some of the major issues of the presidential campaign. One of the problems he discussed was that of Communists in Government.

"These mortal enemies," said Stevenson, "cannot be permitted to get close to the bloodstream of America, particularly its Government. I don't believe oaths and affidavits are much good, for a real Communist never hesitates to lie. Nor is catching and punishing Communists after their treachery enough to end the hazard.

"I think generally the post-screening of Government employees and the quiet, effective, professional work of the FBI is the best way to turn over every stone in this country and see what lies beneath it . . .

"Beyond this I say to you that the battle against Communism in America is an infinitely tough one, a harder battle than most of the Republican leaders have ever admitted, or evidently even understand . . .

Forces of Evil. Stevenson turned to Korea and the paramount issue of "peace and war." Said he: "We all know that when the Communists attacked across the 38th parallel, that was the testing point for freedom throughout the world . . . Sooner or later we would have had to fight, and the later we made our stand the bigger and harder the war would have been.

"Stopping the enemy in Korea . . . was received with enthusiastic shouts of approval by the overwhelming majority of the American people, and even by the Republican leadership.

"Now, however, they attempt to make you believe that it was almost an act of treason. But what do you think they would be saying now if we had not stopped the enemy in Korea. . . ? Would they not be saying now that Harry Truman and Joseph Stalin were boyhood friends in Outer Mongolia. . . ?

"A campaign addressed not to men's minds and to their best instincts but to their passions, emotions and prejudices is unworthy at best. Now, with the fate of the nation at stake, it is unbearable . . .

"The world has been at war almost continuously now for 40 years. The intervals between the wars grow shorter. The wars increase in dimensions and destructiveness. The last war was man's first true world war . . .

"Much of mankind is changing its entire outlook upon the world. Whatever was cast out—whatever is questioned,

Mankind in its hundreds of millions is on the march toward what goal and with what destruction on the way no man can foretell. Whole nations have sunk out of sight behind the Iron Curtain; whole peoples have disappeared from view.

"Today there is less communication between the great groups of man than there was in the roadless world of a thousand years ago . . .

"All this is done by an enemy of a kind we have never faced before. He is primitive, but he is also advanced. He goes with a piece of black bread in his hand, but in his mind he carries the awful knowledge of atomic energy . . .

"Long ago we asserted a great principle upon this continent, that men are, and of right ought to be, free. Now we are called upon to defend that right against the mightiest forces of evil ever assembled under the sun."

False Leaders. The task of saving civilization, Stevenson told his listeners, rests upon them. "You may listen to false leaders who tell you that there is an easy way—that all you have to do is to elect them and thereafter relax in a tax-free paradise, the political equivalent of sending 10¢ to cover the cost of postage. You may, fearing to face the facts squarely, be distracted by phony issues that have no bearing upon the life-or-death controversy of our time. But deluded you run the risk of being beguiled to destruction, for there is no easy way . . .

"Your salvation is in your own hands—in the stubbornness of your mind, the tenacity of your heart, and such blessings as God, thoroughly tried by His children, shall give us. Nature is indifferent to the survival of the human species, including Americans . . .

"Yours is a democracy. Its government cannot be stronger or more tough-minded than its people. It cannot be more inflexibly committed to the task than they. It cannot be wiser than the people . . .

"I say these things to you, not only because I believe them to be true, but also because, as you love your country, I love my country. And I would see it endure and grow in light and become a living testament to all mankind—of goodness and mercy and of wisdom. How long can we keep up the fight against this monster tyranny? How long can we keep on fighting in Korea, paying high taxes, helping others to help ourselves? There is only one answer—we can keep it up as long as we have to and we will."



EISENHOWER & MCCARTHY IN MILWAUKEE
Across a trout stream.

Associated Press

time off to hear him. Ike moved on to Peoria to make one of his most effective campaign speeches. "The Administration answer to every question raised in this campaign," said he, "... is 'you never had it so good...' Tonight I want to ask you another question. Why shouldn't we have it better?" A Republican administration, he went on, would make things better by 1) fighting inflation, 2) reducing Government expenditures (and eventually taxes) and 3) encouraging new industrial development.

At Peoria, the Eisenhower train was joined by Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy, a man whom Ike does not admire, but whom he recognizes as the symbol of a deep sense of uneasiness among U.S. voters. As the train rolled across Wisconsin, McCarthy was much in evidence. At Green Bay, he bobbed onto the train platform to receive the cheers of the crowd, which here, as at some other Wisconsin stops, gave the Senator more applause than it gave Eisenhower himself. As Ike began to speak, McCarthy, who knew what was coming from a talk with Ike the previous evening, ducked back into the train. Said Ike: "The purposes that [McCarthy] and I have of ridding the Government of the incompetents, the dishonest and, above all, the subversive and disloyal are one & the same. Our differences, therefore, have nothing to do with the end result that we are seeking. The differences apply to method."

As the Eisenhower party left its train at Milwaukee, Joe McCarthy gave reporters his opinion on Ike's performance in Wisconsin. Said he: "I am not displeased with the treatment. I thought General Eisenhower handled the situation pretty well." The Senator clearly was displeased with the fact that he had been assigned a seat in the sixth car in Ike's Milwaukee motorcade. Ignoring the assignment, McCarthy strode purposefully up to the car directly

behind Eisenhower's and shouldered his way into it.

At the Milwaukee Arena, McCarthy introduced Ike as "a great American who'll make a great President." From the crowd came a shout of applause which grew ever louder as McCarthy added, "But I want to tell you that I will continue to call them as I see them, regardless of who happens to be President." Then Ike arose to deliver his speech on Communists in Government (see above), a speech he had deliberately chosen to make on McCarthy's home grounds.

An early version of Eisenhower's speech had contained a reference to McCarthy's attacks on Ike's old friend, General George Marshall. As delivered, the speech contained no such specific rebuke to McCarthy. Eisenhower aides, however, flatly denied reports by the *New York Times* and *Post* that the passage had been deleted at the request of Joe McCarthy himself. insisted that it was dropped on the combined judgment of Ike and his staff. Eisenhower had spoken on the Marshall attack before, and saw no point in repeating himself in Milwaukee.

When Ike had finished, news photographers finally got the picture for which they had been waiting all day long. Standing so far from Joe that they looked like two men reaching toward each other across a trout stream, Ike grabbed the Wisconsin Senator's hand, pumped it once and abruptly let it go.

Next day Ike flew west, stopped off at Fargo, N.Dak., where early last week Truman launched his assault on the general. For ex-Artillery Captain Truman, Ike had scathing words. From the presidential train, said Ike, "salvo after red-hot salvo was fired at me. Now, to such of my friends as may be concerned, I merely say that I have been shot at by real artillery. I am far too old to be greatly disturbed by noisy but harmless blanks."

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

Star-spangled celebrities of stage & screen this week plumped for Adlai Stevenson. Among them: Humphrey Bogart, George Jessel, Bette Davis, Robert Ryan, Shelley Winters.

¶ Columbia University, of which Eisenhower is president, divided: for Stevenson, 95 faculty members organized under Historian Allan Nevins, and the student paper the *Spectator*; for Eisenhower, the 15,000-strong Columbia Alumni for Eisenhower committee.

¶ Also for Stevenson: Harvard's *Crimson*, Yale's *Daily News*, Barnard's *Bulletin*, The Dartmouth, The Daily Princetonian, of which Stevenson was managing editor in his undergraduate days, endorsed Dwight Eisenhower.

¶ Morris F. Richardson, former Republican mayor of Whittier, Calif. (Senator Nixon's home town) enlisted with Stevenson because, he said, "I am convinced it is time for a change." So did John J. Wiley, who directed Nixon's successful senatorial campaign two years ago in Marin County (Calif.).

¶ The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which supported Tom Dewey in 1948, announced it was backing Governor Stevenson.

¶ Tallulah Bankhead purringly told Washington *Post's* Theatrical Critic Richard L. Coe about some political ambitions of her own. Said Tallu: "Why shouldn't I marry Adlai Stevenson? Heaven knows, I'd like to... What a team we'd make for 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. After all, his grandfather presided over the Senate and my father was Speaker of the House. I'm going to introduce him over the radio for the Ladies' Garment Workers Union at the end of the month, and I can tell you, Baby, my three minutes are going to be a performance!"



Larry Burrows

TALLULAH BANKHEAD
"Marry Adlai? What a team."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Man Who Pulled a Thread (See Cover)

I know of nobody who has found a way to prevent some people from being . . . dishonest . . . Last year there were something like 600 defalcations and embezzlements in the banks of this country. One out of every 300 bank officers was found to be crooked. And the record of the Bureau of Internal Revenue is a lot better than that.

—Harry Truman, Sept. 29, 1952

Many Americans are half convinced by the statistical (or Kinsey report) explanation of corruption in Government: out of every thousand people there are bound to be X number of crooks. It's human nature. You can't do much about it. Anybody who gets indignant is a hypocritical old dinosaur.

Other Americans disagree. Their side of the argument is presented by the junior Senator from Delaware, John Williams. This small-town chicken-feed dealer with a mousy look and a whispering voice has almost nothing in common with the great prosecutors and muckrakers of U.S. history, with Lincoln Steffens or Tom Walsh. Both he and they, however, did more than expose individuals; they exposed systems of corruption. As Harry Truman says, rascals are always around. But as John Williams says, the smug tolerance of rascals is not always around—and that smugness shocks Williams more than the presence of some rascals in Government.

For nearly five years Williams has rocked the country again & again with scandals in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. He is no sensation monger. He carefully waits until he thinks his case is airtight, then submits it to the man or the office he is about to attack, promising to print any denial or rebuttal in the *Congressional Record* along with his charge. Williams says he has never made an accusation of crime that has not been followed by an indictment. He works alone (his only "investigator" is a girl secretary). Many of his leads have been picked up and developed by high-powered legal staffs of congressional committees, by crusading newspapers, by grand juries.

The "Secret." Williams' warmest admirer would not call him either a mental giant or a man of burning ambition. He started his exposures by pure accident, continued them by doggedly applying ordinary business ethics. He is like a man who pulled at a loose thread; he got interested, kept pulling until the whole covering that screened one of the worst U.S. public scandals was unraveled.

Williams' very lack of qualifications, the simplicity of his operation, is a part of the story. If the graft had been very hard to find, Williams wouldn't have found it. All he had that the Administration didn't have was independence of the system of political favoritism under which the graft flourished. The "secret" of his success is that the bulk of his information

comes from Government employees. Once he had stumbled on his first exposure he became known as a man to whom honest Government employees could turn to expose their dishonest fellows. Williams protected his sources. The more he exposed, the more information rolled in.

Why do Government employees tell Williams rather than their own superiors about illegalities and improprieties in their bureaus? That is the most significant question about Williams' operation. An obvious answer is that a lot of Government employees believe that Williams will act to end the graft and that their superiors will not. Not even Harry Truman would contend that when honest bank employees discover crookedness in the bank, they tip off the cops in secret before they tell their own officials. Honest bank employees as-



JOHN WILLIAMS & FATHER
At 17, he moved his feet.

sume that the men who run the bank are interested in ferreting out the crooks.

The Shack by the Tracks. Nobody is more surprised than John Williams to find himself a crusader and a national figure. His neighbors in Millsboro, Del. (pop. 750) are equally amazed. They are all familiar with the ramshackle, two-story building down by the railroad tracks that became a powerhouse of electrifying exposures. For years that building was the distribution point for Williams Super Chicken Feed and Lorro Pig Builder; it also offered poultry-raising equipment for sale and coal. John Williams, known for miles around Millsboro as a profound student of a dollar, used to sit there writing his own letters and keeping his own books. He still does a lot of that. But these days, in his crowded office, John Williams also sifts Treasury reports, running into hundreds of millions of dollars. He is still a prosperous small businessman, but now he talks about high (and very low) finance. He always speaks in a

low voice, a voice that sounds like a September breeze rustling through a field of dry, half-ripened corn. He wears a fixed smile and an almost vacant stare. But his neighbors know now that behind that familiar stare Williams is sorting out facts & figures and that he is hoping to break another big one before Election Day.

Though John Williams has a unique role in contemporary U.S. politics, the outline of his life is a familiar story. It was more familiar a generation or two ago.

Give & Take. John Williams was born, the ninth of eleven children, in 1904 on a farm just outside Millsboro. His father never learned to read and could write only his name. The family did not live in want, but there were no luxuries. The Williams kids were hard put to it to earn a nickel apiece for Saturday spending. When the Williamses moved to a house with a concrete walk around it, kids came from miles around to roller-skate. Even mother Williams tried it—once.

Birthdays were not observed in the Williams household, so his father was somewhat surprised one evening when John announced that he was 17 that day, and a man. Said his father: "I guess you're right. You're a man now, sure enough. You don't have to take orders from me any more. But as long as you keep your feet under my table, you're takin' my orders, understand?" Senator Williams tells this story to illustrate the point that a measure of federal control always goes with a grant of federal funds.

A few months after he became a man, John got his feet out from under his father's table. He went to work in a brother-in-law's general store, and soon afterward decided to go in business for himself. Sussex County is chicken country, and John thought Millsboro needed a chicken-feed supplier. He and a brother borrowed a few hundred dollars, part from their father, part from a bank, and started the Millsboro Feed Co. It was no bonanza, but it grew steadily. At 19, John married Elsie Steele, a farm girl. In the early years, she raised broilers in the backyard to supplement the family income.

The Williamses are now very wealthy, by Sussex County (but not Wilmington) standards. He is not a millionaire but owns a large interest in a poultry farm (300,000 chickens and 6,000 turkeys a year) and a hatchery (105,000 chicks a week). All in all, Williams owns about 1,000 acres of Delaware farm land, some of it in partnership with relatives.

He is an enthusiastic Rotarian, and he and Elsie have traveled quite a bit in South America and Europe. At an international Rotary meeting in Nice, France, Williams became a hero to his fellow Americans by discovering a restaurant that served Maxwell House coffee.

That was the sum of his distinctions in 1946, when he decided to run for the Senate. His political qualifications seemed to be nil. His friends thought he must be joking or that he meant the Delaware state senate. He knew only one (retired) politician, had made only one speech in

his life (to a Rotary Club). On that occasion, he could not be heard beyond the front row, and he was uneasy and ungrammatical. "It was just something I thought might could be done," he says.

It could. The retired Millsboro politician, an ex-Congressman named George Williams (no kin), looked over the field and found Republican candidates scarce because everybody thought the Democrats would win in Delaware.

Up to Wilmington went Williams & Williams. George called on Frank du Pont, gave him an impressive earful about John, persuaded Du Pont to call the *Wilmington Journal* and say that the next Senator from Delaware was going to stop in to see the editor. A word like that from a Du Pont (provided it's the right Du Pont) goes a long way in Delaware. That afternoon Williams & Williams convinced the editor that John was senatorial timber—or at least that he was good enough to take the inevitable beating.

If a candidate travels hard enough, he doesn't need to speak above a whisper to be heard the length (96 miles) and breadth (35 miles) of Delaware. It's the handshakes that count. John Williams shook hands hard and beat his lawyer, Senator James Tunnell, by 12,000 votes, a respectable margin in Delaware.

A Delinquent Account. Senator Williams went to Washington with nothing much on his mind, and settled down in the back row as one of the hard-shelled Republican conservatives. He'd been there a year when an accident happened. As he tells it:

"We used to get a lot of complaints in the mail, every Senator gets them, and usually you just regard them as routine. Late in 1947, I was getting a lot of complaints from Delaware that something was wrong in the Wilmington tax collector's office. I didn't pay too much attention to it," Williams turned his complaints over to a subcommittee of the House of Representatives that was investigating discrepancies in another Internal Revenue office. Among the "delinquent accounts" sent in by the Wilmington tax office was that of John J. Williams of Millsboro. The committee members, says Williams, "were in the embarrassing position of checking with me." Williams proved by his canceled checks that he had paid his taxes, \$15,000 for himself, \$7,500 for his wife.

Williams' payment, it turned out, had been credited to another man, and the money embezzled by an assistant cashier in the tax office. What burned Williams up most of all was the discovery that the Treasury had known about the embezzlement for six months and done nothing about it. He made a speech demanding that the Wilmington collector and another official be fired. They had been promoted. But a \$2,000-a-year bookkeeper who helped the investigators got no promotion.

Williams began to suspect that there was something rotten in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. His suspicions deepened when secret tips began to come to him as a result of his Senate speech.

He began to follow up reports of skul-

duggery in the New York (Third District) collector's office. He wouldn't tell where he got the reports, but he told the Senate Finance Committee what he suspected. Treasury officials were called and pooh-poohed the story. The committee dropped the case. "I said nothing," said Williams, "but I had sources in the Treasury, and after the denial, there were individuals who resented it. I was contacted by individuals and my story was confirmed." But Williams refused to act without the records to prove that there had been tax-finning in New York. His sources got the records. "For the next three weeks we photostated records," he says. "Each time you ask them about the files they deny they exist. You have to know the answers before you ask the questions."

Williams' detractors say now that he



HARRY A. LEMMON
ALEXIS IRÉNÉE DU PONT BAYARD
A house divided.

gets the Treasury to do all his investigating for him. And Williams admits that this is true—in a way. In the New York case it finally turned out that the Treasury, months before Williams voiced his suspicions, had received reports from its own investigators giving the facts that Williams later alleged. But Treasury officials had taken no action.

On the Senate floor, Williams demanded the removal of the New York collector. Nothing happened. Then he got into the St. Louis and San Francisco cases, which followed the same pattern. By that time, the House investigating subcommittee, headed by California's Cecil King, was hot on the trail, and heads began to roll in the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

Then Williams got interested in the income taxes of racketeers. Organized crime cannot exist without political protection, and it was only logical to suspect that the protection might extend to income taxes. Williams got and put into the Senate records the income-tax files of Harry

Gross, Frank Costello, Phil Kastel, Ralph Capone, Greasy Thumb Guzik and others. Costello, for instance, was 20 years delinquent in taxes and had not been investigated for ten years. The Treasury protested that it couldn't collect from Costello because he didn't seem to have any property. Williams helpfully furnished the address of a Costello property: 79 Wall Street. How and where could a Millsboro chicken-feed dealer find a fact that was hidden from the Treasury sleuths? Williams found it in the Treasury files.

\$81 Million Missing. Along the way, Williams had a notable tiff with the Department of Agriculture. He heard from one of his sources that the department's books did not balance, that a matter of some \$350 million could not be accounted for. The law requires every federal department to submit its books to Congress every year. Agriculture's hadn't been submitted for four years. "I called the Comptroller General," says Williams. "They said that the Department books were in such a mess they couldn't be audited."

Williams tried to get the Senate to pass a resolution demanding the books. Senator Scott Lucas "made a big fuss," says Williams. "and then he put into the record a letter from [Secretary of Agriculture] Brannan calling me a liar. Well, I began to wonder if I was right, to tell you the truth."

But "Whispering Willie" was right as rain. He had never been to college, but he had kept the books of a chicken-feed company and his neighbors will swear that he never lost \$3.50, let alone \$350 million. When he got Agriculture's books, \$366 million were missing. Subsequent accounting has reduced the discrepancy to a mere \$81 million. Williams, in his small-town way, still considers that a lot of money.

Williams never had a secretary until he went to Washington, but he took a good one along with him, Eleanor Lenhart, a classmate of his daughter. She sorts all the tips that come in, and shows the promising ones to the Senator. "We just can't check everything," he says. "I don't have a doubt in the world that the biggest case of all time will turn up in some committee some day and they'll say, 'Why we gave that to Williams years ago.'"

One of Williams' big worries is that some day somebody will accuse him of fixing a tax case or some other impropriety. His friends tell him not to worry; he's impregnable to smears. He doesn't drink or smoke and is a devoted family man. He admits reluctantly that in the distant past he played a little poker. "But not for money," he adds quickly.

His favorite form of amusement, before he got so busy trapping rascals, was the practical joke. Once, when a neighbor invited the Williamses to share a watermelon, Williams slipped over ahead of time, took the heart out of the melon, filled it with newspapers, and replaced the end section of rind. Top officials of the Treasury Department, staring at their newspapers as Williams announced his



DELANEY



FINNEGAN



GRUNEWALD



BOLICH



Associated Press: International
NUNAN

It all began with a routine complaint.

findings, have sometimes felt like the host at the watermelon party.

"Cheap Politics." Williams has never accused Secretary of the Treasury Snyder of complicity in the tax scandals. But he resents the fact that Snyder and other Treasury officials don't seem to suspect the corruption or go after it.

The Treasury's Bureau of Internal Revenue was not always a hotbed of scandal. From 1933 to 1943, it was run by Guy Helvering, a man of spotless reputation who prided himself on being rude to politicians who asked the BIR for favors.

In 1943, Helvering was succeeded by Robert Hannegan of St. Louis, a close personal friend of Truman and a politician who prided himself on not being rude to other politicians. Hannegan was only in the office four months. (He went on to be chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Postmaster General of the U.S., and part owner of the St. Louis Cardinals; he died in 1949.) In those four months Hannegan picked James Finnegan, a political hack, as his successor in St. Louis. He also picked his successor as commissioner of Internal Revenue, Joe Nunan, a Tammany character who had been collector in Brooklyn. To succeed himself in Brooklyn, Nunan picked Joseph P. Marcelle, a ward boss.

Says Senator Williams: "I think there is too much politics in it, and I think you'll get cheap politics and corruption with any administration that has been in power as long as this one."

Williams' activities have led, directly or indirectly, to far-reaching exposures of what is known even to Democrats as "the mess in Washington." Among the key figures in recent messes:

¶ Denis Delaney, collector in Boston, was sentenced to two years in prison and fined \$10,500 for accepting bribes to fix tax returns.

¶ In St. Louis, Old Pol Finnegan was indicted for misconduct in office (the principal charge: he sold his influence to help big taxpayers get RFC loans), was convicted and sentenced to two years in prison.

¶ James G. Smyth, collector in San Francisco, was indicted for backdating tax returns to save interest and penalty payments. A jury acquitted Smyth of conspiring to backdate some returns, but he remains under indictment in connec-

tion with two: his own and his wife's.

¶ Marcelle was fired as Brooklyn collector after investigators found that in seven years on the job he had \$190,000 of outside income, that he filed his income-tax return for one year in his own office instead of sending it to Washington and made errors in his own favor totaling \$32,834. He told investigators that he spent a lot of time at race tracks, to check up on his deputy collectors who were stationed there.

¶ James B. E. Olson, a Nunan appointee, supervisor of the New York alcohol tax unit, was forced out after he admitted that he had taken \$5,900 from the American Lithofold Corp. to arrange printing business with liquor dealers.

¶ Daniel A. Bolich, a former assistant commissioner of Internal Revenue, resigned because of his "health," was indicted for evading \$7,444 of his own income taxes. A startling note about Bolich: when the House investigating subcommittee began its work in June 1951, he was assigned to assist it.

¶ Tammanyite Nunan, who resigned in 1947 and later had a lucrative law practice of tax cases, refused last April to tell the House investigating subcommittee how he happened to have \$160,000 in undeclared income from 1944 to 1950. A grand jury is investigating.

¶ Charles Oliphant, chief counsel of the BIR, resigned suddenly after a tax-troubled Chicagoan testified that Oliphant's name had been used by a racketeer in an attempted shakedown. Oliphant had admitted accepting gifts and expensive entertainment from big taxpayers with cases pending before the BIR. A close friend of Oliphant was Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald, who refuses to testify before congressional committees.

¶ Theron Lamar Caudle, head of the tax division of the Department of Justice (which prosecutes frauds), was fired after he admitted accepting gifts, expensive entertainment and commissions from troubled taxpayers.

¶ J. Howard McGrath was fired as Attorney General in the furor about the corruption disclosures, although no specific irregularity has been charged against him.

Enter an Aristocrat. All that is quite a commotion to be stirred up by a man from Millsboro, Del., and some might

expect that he is about to be overwhelmingly and triumphantly returned to the Senate by the grateful citizens of his state. This happy ending, however, is by no means certain. John Williams is facing a very tough fight for re-election this year.

His attendance record is the best in the Senate, but they give out no gold stars for that. His voting record, which counts more, is about ten miles to the right of Robert Taft's. Even more important is the fact that John Williams has been so busy protecting the taxpayers of the U.S. that he hasn't spent enough time doing things for the voters of Delaware.

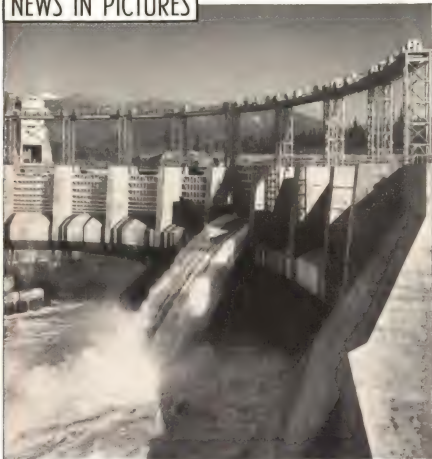
Last but far, far from least is Williams' opponent, Alexis Irénée du Pont Bayard, 34, a Democrat of aristocratic lineage, is a veteran with a fine combat record, a good speaker, handsome, suave, a Princeton graduate and now Delaware's hard-working lieutenant governor. Alexis Bayard's father, Thomas Bayard, was a U.S. Senator. So were his grandfather, Thomas Bayard Sr., his great-grandfather, James A. Bayard Jr., his great-uncle, Richard Henry Bayard, his great-great-grandfather, James A. Bayard Sr., and his great-great-great-grandfather, Richard Bassett (who was also a member of the Constitutional Convention). Thomas Bayard Sr., also was U.S. Minister to the Court of St. James's when it was presided over by Victoria, daughter of a ruling house somewhat junior to the Bayards of Delaware. There is nothing like the Bayards in U.S. history, not even the Adames, not even the Du Ponts.

What's more, the present Bayard's father married a Du Pont. In 1946, John Williams had the bulk of Du Pont support. This year the family is split, with some important elements backing cousin Alexis. Dopesters say that Ike is a bit ahead of Stevenson in Delaware but that Alexis is an aristocratic whicker in front of John Williams.

On John Williams' appointment pad in his dingy Millsboro office is a notation for Nov. 5: "Duck hunting—win or lose." If he wins, he plans to go right on watching the tax collectors, although he thinks it won't be necessary if Ike gets in.

If Williams loses, he plans a trip to Japan with his wife. After that, there is always the chicken-feed business, which is not exciting. But the books balance.

NEWS IN PICTURES



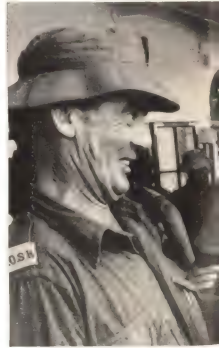
CABINET GORGE DAM. Idaho's biggest (200,000 k.w.) hydroelectric project, is private enterprise's \$46 million answer to booming demand in public-power-minded Northwest.



T-1 SPACE SUITS, developed by U.S. Air Force for high altitude flyers, inflate with



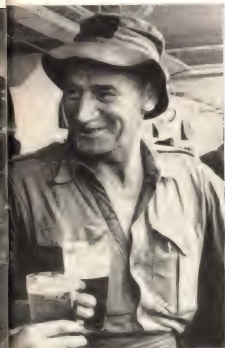
U.N. GENERAL ASSEMBLY, meeting for first time in Manhattan next week, will ponder world's problems in modernistic setting, complete with abstract murals by Leger (at left).



A BEER FOR "BLIGHTY" is enjoyed by men of King's Own Scottish Borderers.



oxygen from attached tubes, enable pilots to live in near-vacuum if cabin pressure fails.



aboard a troopship bound for Hong Kong, after serving a 16-month stint in Korea.



BIG WATERSPOUT, 200 feet high, 30 feet across and two miles off shore, was snapped by an amateur Japanese photographer as it whirled along the southern coast of Honshu Island.



FLOATING MINE, on 200 ft.-long steel barge (with tugs fore & aft), will extract more than 100,000 tons of molten sulphur a year from salt domes beneath Louisiana bayou marshes.

HONORS

When There Is No Peace

No Nobel Peace Prize will be awarded in 1952, the Norwegian committee in charge announced last week.

COMMUNISTS

The New Line

Of all the world's leaders, Joseph Stalin has the most power and publicly says the least. Last week he broke a year's silence. *Bolshevik*, the party's leading double-dome magazine on matters of Communist theology, published a 50-page memorandum from Stalin. Its very title gave prom-

ised the crowds to hear. But Stalin, whose words Communist strategists the world over will most closely attend, did not talk that way at all.

In fact, for the non-Communist world, the most striking quality in Stalin's statement was the absence of the customary cant about capitalist "encirclement of the Soviet Union" and the imminent plans of U.S. "warmongers." Instead, Stalin seemed to pooh-pooh the danger of an attack on Russia, and said that the real threat of war arises from the imperialistic rivalries between capitalist countries for foreign markets. He chided his subordinates, faithfully clinging to yesterday's party line, for forgetting their lessons that "wars be-

ceded Stalin, "acting so far unnoticeably."

But even the mighty can err. Stalin asked himself: Is "the well-known thesis of Stalin on the relative stability of markets in a general crisis of capitalism" still valid? And how about Lenin's 1916 thesis that while capitalism rots, it grows "immeasurably more rapidly?" Stalin answered himself: "Both theses must be considered as having lost their validity."

Help the Inevitable. Stalin's switch—from accenting the enmity of capitalism to stressing intramural struggle between capitalist countries—was a sharp turn in the line, but not a new one. Ever since Marx ruled that capitalism carries within itself the seeds of its own destruction, every good Communist has repeated at one time or another that the greedy rascals must inevitably destroy themselves. And like all good Communists who believe that history is working for them, Stalin last week was not above giving inevitability a helping hand. In passages he knew would be read around the world, he needled Western Europe and Japan for their "subjection" to the U.S., and predicted it could not last.

In London, a British Foreign Office spokesman called in the press and with a straight face announced that he could give them no information about Britain's impending attack on the U.S. The tabloid *New York Daily News* puzzled: "How could half-busted Britain and half-crumbled France make war on us? Why should we want to conquer them?" These flip responses missed the effectiveness of Stalin's appeal to European prejudices. With riots, strikes and intimidations, Stalin had tried to scare the Western coalition apart and succeeded only in tightening it. Now, if he could but relax tension in Europe, apathy, laziness and old resentments might do his work for him.

Stalin's strategy had not changed, if his tactics had: his aim is clearly not to negotiate with the Western coalition, but to smash it.

The Home Front. Superficially, Stalin's whole article centered on a minor problem, the revision of a new Marxian economic textbook, or what Stalin characteristically called: "Proposals on removing mistakes and inexactitudes in the project and a summary of troublesome questions." Therefore Dictator Stalin lavished most of his 25,000 words on the internal Russian economy. He laid heavy scorn on one Comrade Yaroshenko who "too simply, in a childlike way" had wondered why the Soviet Union was not hurrying faster from socialism ("to everyone according to his labor") to the promised Communism ("to everyone according to his requirements").

Thereupon Stalin in effect attempted to fill a great gap in Marxist theory, and in doing so erected transition into a philosophy. Before there can be Communism, he said, it is necessary to "radically improve housing conditions and raise the real wages



MALENKOV & STALIN

Arkino-Sovfoto

The strategy was still the same: smash the West.

ise of the grey gobbledygook that was to come: "Economic Problems of Socialism to Participants in Economics Discussions." But *Pravda* acclaimed Stalin's message as "the greatest event in the ideological life of the party and the Soviet people," and printing presses began rolling out 1,500,000 copies. The rest of the world began scrutinizing every leaden syllable to find out 1) what Stalin thinks, or 2) wants his followers to think, or 3) wants everyone to think he thinks. The search was rewarding.

Stolen Thunder. Stalin's message was published on the eve of the first Communist Party Congress in 13 years, and stole the thunder from Malenkov and Molotov, who had been chosen to make the principal speeches. For four hours, Rising Favorite Georgy Malenkov (*TIME*, Oct. 6) harangued his audience with the old familiar routine, i.e., the "bosses" of the U.S. are bent on "world domination and war," and therefore the Soviet Union must "strengthen its defense capabilities." He and Molotov (same theme) spoke for

tween capitalist countries [are] inevitable." Comrades who think that ideological rivalry between the Communist East and capitalist West is stronger than economic rivalry among the capitalist states "are mistaken. They see the outer phenomena twinkling on the surface . . . not . . . those deep forces which will determine the course of events."

"Certain comrades" had been deceived by false appearances. But these false appearances—that is, the strength of the Western partnership—obviously looked pretty impressive to Stalin himself. "Outwardly, everything, as it were, is 'satisfactory,' . . . But it would be incorrect to think that this 'prosperity' can be maintained 'forever and ever.' Sooner or later, Japan and Germany would want to get out from 'under the heel of American imperialism.' England and France 'in the end of ends will be forced to tear themselves out from the embraces of the United States and enter into conflict with them.' These deep forces, operating beneath the twinkling surface, are, con-

of workers and employees a minimum of double if not more," in order that, in Engels' words, "Labor shall be transformed from a heavy burden into enjoyment." Right now, Stalin indicated, Russia's "productive relations" (Communist doubletalk for social inequality) are too far out of joint to divide things fairly.

Communism can be reached, said Stalin, only after three things are done:

¶ There must be an "incessant growth" in productivity.

¶ There must be a "liquidation of contradictions" in the economy. Collective farms are now able to sell their surpluses on the open market; this must be stopped "without especial haste" but also "without waverings." In effect, the farmers in the collectives must be nationalized, reduced to the status of hired workers on the land, selling their labor exactly as factory hands do.

¶ The working day must be reduced "at least to six and then to five hours," so that "members of society should receive the sufficient free time necessary to receive omnilateral education," i.e., to be taught to be content with their new lot.

Obviously, Communism would not be built in a day.

Two days after Stalin's article appeared, the Party Congress opened, bringing 2,000 comrades in chauffeured limousines. As the cold rain glistened on the yellow facade of the great palace of the Kremlin, the delegates gave the dictator one of the greatest ovations of his life. Ideologically, the 72-year-old dictator had completely overshadowed everyone at the meeting and set its tone.

ATOMIC AGE

A Bomb of One's Own

In London recently, a tousled, youngish-looking man stepped into the empty vastness of a 50-passenger R.A.F. Hastings transport specially reserved for him. At Singapore, while the plane lay all night in the blaze of 50 searchlights, troops watched over the tousled man as he slept. A few days later, his plane journey over, the man boarded a Royal Navy frigate at an obscure port in northwest Australia and headed for a rendezvous 50 miles away.

The destination of the guarded man was a bleak chain of coral reefs and wind-blown wastes inhabited by lizards and black rats—the Monte Bello Islands, off the northwest coast of Australia. There, while planes crisscrossed overhead and a flotilla of eleven Australian warships plied the nearby sea to keep the curious away, Britain last week made its great gamble.

Out in the Cold. Six years ago, as the atomic age mushroomed, Britain suddenly found herself out in the cold without a bomb or blueprint. By act of Congress, foreign scientists were barred from U.S. atom laboratories unceremoniously ending the wartime cooperation that led to the A-bomb discovery.

Austerity-bound Britain had few dollars to spare, but it did have a major asset named William George Penney. He

was the man so securely flown to Monte Bello. Born 43 years ago in Gibraltar, the son of an army sergeant major, Penney got a top-grade education in nuclear physics by making a clean sweep of the best fellowships, including one at the University of Wisconsin. He worked at Los Alamos, sat in the observation plane (the only British scientist) when the third A-bomb exploded over Nagasaki.

A Z-Shaped Blast. The first Bikini A-bomb tests established his reputation for sagacity on a shoestring. Disdaining the elaborate, expensive apparatus that his U.S. colleagues set up to measure the blast, Penney filled 1,000 empty gasoline tins with sea water and sealed them with cardboard flaps. When, as he predicted, the bomb knocked out the official instruments, the amiable Briton studied his crushed cans, measured the lost water,



DR. PENNEY
Up went a Z cloud.

"did a bit of a sum" and came up with the answer. The U.S. offered him four times his \$8,000 salary as chief of Britain's armaments research, but Dr. Penney preferred his country's credit to America's cash.

Last week his country's credit came to Dr. Penney. Early one morning, as he watched over a special TV screen in the bowels of a naval vessel, he saw a bright flash, like a setting sun, light up the skies, followed by a dense, turbulent cloud that hugged the ground and slowly zigzagged upward in a Z shape curiously unlike the usual mushroom. Smaller than the usual U.S. blast, it was reportedly designed to verify a new technique aimed at reducing the amount of fissionable material needed to produce an explosion.

A few minutes later, 14,000 miles away, alerted by secret code, a beaming, triumphant Winston Churchill went charging down the corridors of Balmoral Castle, where he was a guest, to tell his vaca-

tioning Queen the great news. In London the Admiralty issued a scant, proud statement: "A British atomic weapon has been successfully exploded in the Monte Bello Islands."

WAR IN KOREA

Death in Compound 7

Things had been more or less quiet in Korea's prison camps ever since Brigadier General Haydon L. Boatner subdued the Communist rioters on infamous Koje Island last spring (TIME, May 26 et seq.). Then came the big dispersal. Off to the mainland went 48,000 anti-Communist Koreans, to be detained in six camps there. The Communist North Koreans were left on Koje and two neighboring islands. All 20,000 Chinese prisoners were shipped to the mountainous island of Cheju. There last week, trouble flared.

On Cheju, some 14,000 Chinese who have rejected Communism are penned up at one end of the island, 5,800 loyal Reds (and constant troublemakers) at the other. Boatner, elevated to major general and command of all U.N. prisoners in Korea for his good work on Koje, had a way of handling troublemakers. But he was posted to the U.S. more than a month ago.

Behind him he left the doctrine that the way to treat Communists is to tread carefully the narrow line between too much severity and too much laxity. In cases of defiance, non-fatal weapons such as tear gas, concussion grenades, rifle butts and shotguns (firing small shot) were to be preferred to bullets. Prisoners should be allowed to celebrate Red holidays if they were orderly and obeyed the rules.

Last week the Cheju Reds wanted to celebrate the third anniversary of the Chinese "People's Republic." By an unfortunate coincidence, the camp commander was ill with heart trouble, and a new man, an infantry colonel named Richard D. Boerem, had replaced him. By a further unlucky coincidence, a new battalion of U.S. troops, fresh from combat, had replaced the old outfit of well-drilled guards. For some reason, Colonel Boerem refused to allow the prisoners to celebrate the big day in any manner.

On the day, prisoners raised illegal flags. The inmates of Compound 7, who had been building stone barracks, stoned a contingent of U.S. guards sent to bring down the flags. While guards tried to force their way in to restore order, the barrage of stones increased. A U.S. officer, whose wife and child had been killed by the Communists in China, raised his pistol and shot one Chinese. The other Americans regarded his shot as a signal and began firing. Once inside the compound, they were set upon by prisoners wielding clubs, sharpened poles and barbed-wired flails, but these attackers were shot down before they could close.

Fifteen minutes after the battle started, it was over. Fifty-six Chinese were dead or dying, 100 others wounded. Two Americans were wounded. Already, Haydon L. Boatner was being sadly missed in Korea.

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Off with Their Heads

Along with many another British businessman these days, Board Chairman William Cartwright felt like a man under attack by gnats. His family's firm, Cartwright's Ltd., had been making paint in Lancashire for 235 years. His plant at Oldham had been recently equipped with paint-making machinery to turn out 1,000,000 gallons a year, but try as he would, Proprietor Cartwright could not up his production beyond a quarter of that figure. Mollycoddling unions, idiotic government policies that let Japan and Germany grab good British markets, slackness, laziness, incompetence, stupidity—these were just some of the gnats that buzzed around the head of Chairman Cartwright as he sat at his desk opposite Managing Director William Pethybridge at Oldham one day last week.

The Cutoff Point. The telephone rang. Chairman Cartwright answered. It was a customer making an inquiry. The board chairman was just framing an answer when the switchboard operator cut him off the line. Cartwright hung up and the telephone rang again. It was another customer. The switchboard operator's piping voice cut in to explain: "I can't get any answer from the sales department, Mr. Cartwright." Chairman Cartwright's overloaded temper burst forth to Managing Director Pethybridge, who started to agree: "Of course people must go out for cups of tea in the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon, but they might leave someone on duty while . . ." Pethybridge's conclusion was lost in a cry of agony by Chairman Cartwright into the telephone: "Please don't cut me off again!" But the line was already dead.

Chairman William Cartwright mopped his brow and thought a moment. What was the now-lost customer's complaint? Something about "Light Brunswick



PAINTMAKER CARTWRIGHT

He found a way to get team spirit.

Green"? The chairman sent for a can of the paint in question. There it was, marked with the firm's label. "Light Brunswick Green." He opened it. The paint was bright red.

Coldly Polite. Chairman William Cartwright of Cartwright's Ltd. thought long and hard. What could he do? Fire someone? Fire several? That would get action all right—union meetings, strikes, talk, arbitration—everything but paint. What was the use? He made his decision. Called a secretary and dictated a letter firing every one of his 70 employees, from Managing Director Pethybridge on down. "With this inefficiency," he explained, "we would all be out of jobs permanently in a few weeks anyway."

The reaction was immediate: 00% of

Cartwright's workers admitted that they hadn't been doing their best, and promised faithfully to work harder if their jobs were given back. A few miffed workers, mostly women in the office, took their wounded pride to other employment offices. "We girls naturally resent being told we are inefficient," said the delinquent switchboard operator stiffly. "We will do our jobs until our notice expires, then go. We shall be coldly polite." But the coolness was soon made up for by a gush of warm good wishes from other harassed businessmen applauding Cartwright's courage, and hundreds of paint workers seeking employment with Cartwright's. "I wouldn't feel frustrated if I worked for you," wrote one.

Reopening his factory, William Cartwright announced hopefully: "We have the right team spirit now."

Wide Open

For a year, like a prominent married couple on the verge of divorce, the rival factions of Britain's Labor Party had been protesting publicly that their differences were really nothing at all. Any minute, said both sides, would see the start of a second honeymoon. Last week, in the theoretical privacy of the party's 51st annual conference at Morecambe, a Lancashire seaside resort familiar to many a honeymooner, the pent-up emotions in both factions exploded in a headline-making brawl.

Love Your Enemies. At a service conducted by the Archbishop of York in the local parish church the morning before the conference opened, conscientious Clement Attlee read a lesson from *St. Luke*: "Love your enemies; do good to them that hurt you; bless them that curse you and pray for them that despitefully use you." That afternoon, the party's executive committee met in a session so secret that even the waiters at Morecambe's old-fashioned Grosvenor Hotel were barred. "This is it."



LABORITES CROSSMAN, BEVAN (WITH WIFE JENNIE LEE) & DEAKIN
Instead of a second honeymoon, a headline-making brawl.

United Press

BLOWOUT-SAFE! PUNCTURE-SAFE!

THE ONLY 100,000-MILE RE-USABLE PROTECTION!



Sequence photograph of a blowout. Car is equipped with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes.

Blowout occurs here ↑ Tire still holds enough air for a safe, controlled, straight-line stop!



Safe against all blowouts! Only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle gives you complete safety in any blowout emergency!

If outer chamber blows out, inner chamber still holds enough air to let you come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop. In 17 years we know of no case of failure of the LifeGuard principle in a blowout! **Seals its own punctures!** If a nail or other object penetrates, the puncture-resistant automatically fills the hole, seals

it up without loss of air pressure.

And these tubes hold air more than 6 times longer than natural-rubber tubes.

Costs less because it's re-usable! This is the only protection against both blowouts and punctures that doesn't wear out when your tires wear out.

You can re-use your LifeGuard Safety Tubes in at least 3 sets of tires. You spread their cost over 100,000 miles or more of blowout-safe, puncture-safe driving. You save 20¢ to 43¢ per wheel!

You can install New LifeGuard Safety Tubes in your present tires. See your Goodyear dealer today.



Your smartest buy of all is a set of Goodyear tires with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes. No other tires give you the same comfort, safety and mileage as Goodyears. No wonder more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES

by **GOOD YEAR**

Licensed U. S. — The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio



Worth holding up. We're referring to the highball, not the stage coach. For we're certain you'll truly enjoy holding a Four Roses highball to your lips and savoring that superbly flavored whiskey. You'll know why people buy more Four Roses than any other whiskey at or above its price—more than most whiskies at any price.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't you
rather drink

**Four
Roses**



muttered one party leader ominously to a friend when the meeting was done.

At the conference itself, Aneurin Bevan, the errant mate in Labor's house, started the fur flying with a pyrotechnic display of wit, venom, vituperation and mock humility. "The U.S.," he told the conferees, is "hagridden by fears: fear of war and unemployment, and fear of peace." He accused Churchill and the U.S. of tying Britain's "economy to a perpetual war machine. This is rakes' progress." However, the pink-cheeked Welshman twinkled cheerfully as he castigated his private enemies and Britain's friends alike, "I know I must be careful, lest I make a controversial speech." The audience roared with delight.

Responsible Attleites were still seething over Nye's performance next day when the results of party-wide elections for membership in the new executive committee were announced. In the seven constituency elections, which are the best barometer of rank & file party sentiment, the Bevanites won six out of seven seats. Bevan himself got the biggest vote (965,000), followed by red-haired Barbara Castle (868,000) and cocky Tom Driberg (744,000). For the first time in 23 years, Attlee's faithful lieutenant, Herbert Morrison, the lifelong trade unionist who became Foreign Secretary, was voted off the executive. He was beaten by Dick Crossman, a facile and erratically brilliant Johnny-come-lately to the Bevanite camp. The uproar in the meeting hall was deafening.

Throughout the vote, Bevan sat snugly with lips pursed, eyes straight ahead and plump fingers tipped together. Morrison was motionless. Clement Attlee stared into space, lifeless as a wax model.

The Attlee defeat was not as bad as it sounded at first. Party machinery sets aside many votes to be cast in blocs by the trade unions and other special groups. These votes gave Attlee 21 seats on the executive as compared to Bevan's six. Attlee still runs the party, though his ineffectual resistance to Bevan at Morecambe cost him prestige. Herbert Morrison would continue on as Attlee's deputy leader in the House of Commons. "I will allow no bitterness to poison my soul," Morrison told the conference, in a moving speech which earned him renewed respect. The shock of the Bevan victory had already begun to soften.

Next day, the Transport Workers' testy Arthur Deakin rose to make his speech as "fraternal delegate." Flushed with rage, Deakin cast all pretense at fraternity to the winds. "Organization was set up," he shouted, "to secure the Bevanites their place on the national executive. Very well, then, organization will be set up to counter them." This was equivalent to an open declaration of war on Bevan from the trade unions. "Tell him to sit down," shouted somebody, "he's losing us the next election."

Concede to Your Partner. That afternoon, respected ex-Miner James Griffiths, the only Attleeite to win a place on the

NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR

Appointed last week as Britain's Ambassador to the U.S., to succeed retiring Sir Oliver Franks: **SIR ROGER MELLOR MAKINS.**

Born: London, on Feb. 3, 1904, the eldest son of Boer War hero Brigadier General Sir Ernest Makins.

Education: Winchester and Oxford. A top honors man (history) in 1925. Sir Roger is the 14th Oxonian to serve as British envoy in Washington.

Family: Married, in Florida in 1934, to Alice Davis, daughter of the late Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War in Coolidge's Cabinet and donor of the famed Davis Cup for international tennis; six children (four girls, two boys), the two youngest of whom will accompany their parents to Washington while the others stay on at school in Britain. A Makins theory on big families: "The second child is the Rubicon, if you can cross number two, the rest are easy. They raise themselves."

Career: Veteran career diplomat and topflight economist; joined Foreign Office in 1928, has served since in the U.S., Scandinavia, Africa, the U.N. and as delegate to numberless international conferences as expert on economics and North American affairs; Britain's Deputy Under Secretary of State since 1948; chairman of ten-man council on British atomic policy; Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George since 1949; accompanied both Attlee and Churchill on their recent trips to Washington, where he himself has served a total of five years.

Hobbies. A 500-acre farm at Sherfield-on-Loddon, Hampshire, where, says Sir Roger, Lady Makins is "administrative boss" while he is "a sort of hired hand who drives the tractor and pulls weeds."

Personality: Shy, modest; in his own words: "a very ordinary person" who likes Americans "because they are such a friendly people."



LARRY HARRIS
MAKINS

executive in the constituency elections, reminded the dizzied and bewildered delegates that there was still a threat in the east called Soviet Russia, which had proved no very good friend to either Britain or Labor. His eloquence brought the conference down to responsible earth again, and succeeded in knocking out, by two-thirds majority, a Bevanite resolution condemning Britain's whole arms and defense program.

For the moment, the Bevanite landslide was halted, but ambitious Aneurin Bevan's irresponsible lurking might still cost the party its good reputation. "In any alliance that is becoming uneasy, from the military to the matrimonial," said the *Economist*, "it is always the partner who values unity most highly who has to make the most concession." Aneurin Bevan's new power, the *Economist* continued, might well mean a Labor foreign policy "shot with ideological distrust of Britain's allies and with starry-eyed illusion about its enemies."

First Gentleman

Precedence and protocol were a constant, carking care to Queen Victoria's stiffly sensitive and none-too-popular Prince Albert, who complained that he was "only a husband and not the master in the house." His proper rank was not finally settled until four years before he died, when Parliament at last made him officially Prince Consort. Easygoing Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, is better liked by his wife's subjects and less bothered by form. Nonetheless, next June's Coronation is less than nine months away, and he needed to be put in his proper place. Last week Queen Elizabeth declared in a

royal warrant that "His Royal Highness, Philip, Duke of Edinburgh . . . shall henceforth upon all occasions and in all Meetings except where otherwise provided by Act of Parliament,* have, hold and enjoy Place, Pre-eminence and Precedence next to Her Majesty."

Have Another Cup

"I always start with about eight cups of tea first thing in the morning," a cockney said last week in London. "Then there's the tea break, then lunch, then tea, then supper. Pot's on the go the whole time." For the country where the pot is on the go despite rationing (varying between 2 and 3 oz. a person a week), the Tories had good news. After twelve years, the government stopped rationing of tea. In future, only the price (averaging 65¢ a lb.) will prevent tea addicts from buying as much as they want.

And the Tories had still another cheerful item to offset the bad economic news Britons have lately been reading. Next February will see the end of the non-branded, inferior gasoline called "pool petrol," used in British cars for the past 13 years. Back will come brand names—Shell, BP, Esso—and premium price high-octane gasolines, at 63¢ the imperial gallon, about 4¢ more than standard gas. In preparation for the happy return of competition, oil companies began training their employees in such forgotten amenities as cleaning the windshield and wearing a smile.

* One such exception: the House of Lords, where Philip will still rank below the other Royal Dukes, Cornwall (his son), Gloucester, Windsor and Kent.

ITALY

How To Be Rude

Of all European hosts, the Italians have long been the kindest to visitors from the U.S. They go out of their way to smile, to cheer, to welcome, and to give directions which may or may not prove helpful. From the Communist point of view, nothing could be worse.

Last week, reported Rome's *Il Messaggero*, Italy's 3,000,000 Communists got a stern memorandum from headquarters outlining a "proper code of bad manners" to be observed toward visiting Americans. Items:

¶ Women comrades must turn an indifferent cheek and pretend not to have heard Americans who speak to them. In dance halls, Communist girls "must never reserve a dance for an American; they should pretend to have been already asked by someone else. Male comrades must be ready to back them up in this."

¶ On trams or buses near an American civilian or soldier, the true Communist "must turn his back abruptly, without even looking [at the American] and without showing him any courtesy." If the American is accompanied by his wife or girl friend, the Communist traveler must "never give his seat to these women."

¶ Shopkeepers should make Americans wait, serve them last, "or better yet, they should not serve them at all, stating that the requested goods are unavailable."

¶ In the street, "never give advice or directions to Americans; instead, one must simply turn his back, showing dislike." In sports, "one must always support the opponents of the Americans."

¶ All of this, added the directive, should convince Americans that "Italian youth will never cooperate with them in case of war." Above all, concluded the directive, never let the visitors know that the nastiness was planned. "One should be rude," said the memo, "but with spontaneity."

ETHIOPIA

Lion's Share

Emperor Haile Selassie last week celebrated a great day in a career that has known many ups & downs. With golden scissors, Ethiopia's King of Kings, Lion of Judah snipped a ribbon and then drove triumphantly across a frontier to add to his domain the former Italian colony of Eritrea, which the Italians had carved out of old Ethiopia in the late 19th century.

In Eritrea's capital, Asmara, from which Mussolini launched his 1935 attack on Haile Selassie, red, yellow and green striped Ethiopian flags broke out. Bare-legged, open-sandaled Ethiopian troops swung smartly up the broad Corso Italia, replacing the departed British Tommies, who had held the land in trust for eleven years.

The Helpful Bolivian. A share of the popular acclaim went to U.N. Commissioner Eduardo Anze Matienzo, the genial Bolivian who prepared the way for federation. Anze Matienzo arrived in Asmara

20 months ago in the wake of bloody riots between Eritrea's Moslems and its Christian Copts. He went into every corner of the land seeking to allay religious distrust. His success was shown by the peaceful nature of Eritrea's first national elections, held earlier this year, which sent 34 Copts and 34 Moslems to an assembly that ratified a constitution acceptable to both sects.

Under federation, Ethiopia (pop. 15 million) will have the dominant voice in defense, foreign affairs, currency, taxation and customs, communications and ports. Eritrea (pop. 1,000,000) will manage its own internal affairs through its elected assembly and a chief executive.

The Powerful Ethiopian. Since Ethiopia has neither general elections nor a free press, many Eritreans fear that they may lose their new freedom. No monarch



HAILE SELASSIE
A frontier snapped.

in the world today (except perhaps Saudi Arabia's Ibn Saud) wields greater power over his country's affairs than does Haile Selassie. Selassie personally opens all diplomatic pouches from his missions abroad, keeps in personal touch with embassies and legations by letter, appoints and dismisses every one of twelve provincial governors, handpicks his two houses of Parliament, assigns lands and sets rents for houses, keeps careful tabs on his Imperial Guardsmen fighting in Korea, holds open house one day each week to hear the petty grievances of his lowliest subjects.

The country does not have a single native graduate engineer, architect, chemist or agricultural expert; in all Ethiopia there is only one native physician. Selassie must rely on foreign help to bolster his ministries. Americans, who predominate among his advisers, govern the national bank, edit the official newspaper, run the nationalized airline, and direct highway construction. A Swedish military mis-

sion trains the Imperial Guard and a fledgling air force.

Described, not unkindly, as "a Bolivian concept of a Swiss federation adapted to an African absolute monarchy," the partnership of Ethiopia and Eritrea should have practical advantages. Landlocked Ethiopia has the resources of soil and climate to become East Africa's breadbasket. Eritrea has better-trained labor and coastal ports on the Red Sea. The federation's success, said departing Commissioner Anze Matienzo pointedly, depends on Ethiopia's "respect for Eritrea's constitutional progress and autonomy."

GERMANY

The Prisoners of Werl

Behind the bleak, high-walled jail at Werl, the British hold reluctantly to the remnant symbols of a once-former resolution. The remnants are 130 convicted Nazi war criminals. They are the surviving handful of men the British once vowed to punish. That British passion is now spent; in its place is a German passion to set the criminals free. Last week Henri Nannen, editor of a Hamburg picture weekly, *Der Stern*, shockingly dramatized the issue.

With great relish he broke a story that two war criminals had escaped from Werl. *Luftwaffe* Pilot Hans Kuhn had murdered three Allied flyers who parachuted down in 1943; Private Wilhelm Kappe had killed a Russian prisoner of war. According to *Der Stern*, the two escaped while working outside the jail walls, and were given a ride by a passing motorist who gladly picked them up though he could not help but recognize their war-criminal insignia.

Nannen's reporters found Kuhn living with some vacationers in a tent along the Rhine. The editor boasted that he personally sent Kuhn a change of clothes, including a pair of shoes Editor Nannen had purchased in New York while on an exchange visit financed by the U.S. State Department. Moreover, he knew where Kuhn was hiding—a resort island in the North Sea where he was being lionized as a hero and bought all the free beer he could drink. Editor Nannen dared the British to arrest him as an accessory.

Fugitive Kappe was also having a grand time. While Kappe was visiting old friends in the north German town of Aurich, a nosy town councilor recognized him and informed on him. But soon it was all right. The police left Kappe in a room with invitingly unbarred windows, and in a jiffy Kappe was free. As for the town councilor, angry crowds surrounded his home, shouting lynch threats. He is now in hiding.

That was Editor Nannen's story. What were the British going to do about it? Last week they opened the doors of Werl and liberated another war criminal, former Colonel General Eberhard von Mackensen, whom they had sentenced to death only six years before. Mackensen had transmitted the orders to the SS for the infamous Ardeatine caves massacre of

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335 Italian hostages. Mackensen's boss in Italy, Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, also sentenced to die for the Ardeatine massacre, were already out, released to secure medical treatment. So was Field Marshal Fritz Erich von Manstein, who drew 18 years for the murder of Russian prisoners. It was unlikely that either would ever return to jail.

The British hoped that this display of clemency would satisfy the West German Deputies and speed Bonn's ratification of the peace contract.

JAPAN

No Seats for Communists

In its first general election as a free sovereign nation, Japan last week returned Premier Yoshida's right-wing Liberal Party to power, but that was not the election's biggest news. In the previous Diet, the Communists had held 25 seats in the Lower Chamber. In last week's election, they failed to win a single seat. The total vote cast for the Reds dropped from 3,000,000 (1949) to less than 900,000. It was the biggest ballot-box defeat suffered by any Communist Party since World War II.

Not only in its voting, but in its conduct of the election, Japan had aimed to show the U.S. that it understood the meaning of democracy. To discourage the old Japanese practice of vote buying and to make campaigning for elective office possible for rich & poor alike, a set of election safeguards had been recommended by General MacArthur's staff. They produced one of the oddest election codes ever put into force in a democratic country.

The Silent Hours. No candidate, the committee ruled, would be permitted to: 1) spend more than \$1,500 on his campaign; 2) make more than three five-minute radio speeches, or more than a total of 60 speeches in his entire campaign; 3) hire more than one sound truck or more than 15 workers to stand on it and shout his name and how to the citizenry; 4) print more than 10,000 election postcards; 5) use banners larger than 8 ft. by 2½ ft., or Japanese lanterns—for night parades—higher than 30 in.; 6) talk to voters in their own homes; 7) campaign at all between the hours of 9:00 p.m. and 6:00 a.m. Neon signs and balloons were barred. Newspapers were forbidden to support any candidate or to mention a candidate's name in a picture caption.

Police checked so thoroughly that business fell off sharply in restaurants normally used by politicians to impress constituents. But it was not long before the politicians were getting around the rules. One candidate hit upon the idea of driving his hired car into a ditch every time he saw a group of farmers, then paying the farmers 100 yen each to haul him out, chatting all the while about himself and his platform. Police reported 972 violations of the election laws, including 473 cases of vote buying. Thirteen unsuccessful candidates were thrown into jail the day after the election. Among successful candidates still



East-West—Block Star

PREMIER YOSHIDA
More seats.

under investigation are four members of crusty old (74) Premier Yoshida's party.* Yoshida's Liberals won a bare majority of the Diet (239 out of 466 seats, a loss of 45 seats).

Return of the Purged. Yoshida's principal difficulty is that he presides over a divided party. Among the winning candidates were 130 former war criminals and ultra-nationalists once purged from government by the U.S. authorities. First among them is ailing Ichiro Hatoyama, 69, founder and first leader of the Liberal

* Among other septuagenarian heads of state: Churchill (77), Adenauer (76), Stalin (72), De Gasperi (71).



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Fm

RIVAL ICHIRO HATOYAMA
More votes.

Party, who was all set to become Japan's first postwar premier until U.S. newsmen discovered that he had once glowingly praised Hitler and Mussolini. He was purged. Yoshida agreed to take his place, but now that Hatoyama is free again, Yoshida refuses to surrender control.

Yoshida tried to create the impression that Hatoyama, who suffered a stroke last year, is too sick to take over; visiting him not long ago, Yoshida made a great show of offering him pillows, later volunteered to read Hatoyama's speech for him. In last week's election, Hatoyama polled more votes than any other candidate. Almost alone of Liberal candidates, he urged that the Japanese constitution be revised to permit rearmament. Yoshida, though pro-Western, ducked the delicate rearmament question. When the Liberals meet at the end of this month to choose a Prime Minister, Hatoyama will seriously challenge his old stand-in. As of now, the betting is on Yoshida.

HONG KONG

The Endless Ferryboat Ride

The passenger on the Hong Kong-Macao ferry last week was as weather-beaten, ageless and nondescript as a chunk of driftwood. Like the driftwood, he seemed doomed to float from shore to shore on the China Sea forever. He had no passport. His name, he said, is Michael Patrick O'Brien, but he readily admitted, "Back home in Washington and Oregon, they call me Steven Stanley Regan." He never knew his father; his mother was Hungarian; the only identification he possesses is a Red Cross certificate which calls him "a stateless Irishman."

Up to last month, not even Michael himself could plot with any certainty the course he had sailed over the last 40-odd years to reach the Portuguese outpost of Macao. It had included hitches in both the U.S. Army & Navy, a job as a bartender in Shanghai's notorious Blood Alley, a spell in a Japanese prison camp, numberless scrapes with the law, occasional berths as ship's officer on vessels hard up for mariners, and long years as a soldier of fortune in oriental ports. When he hit Macao three weeks ago, Portuguese authorities took one look and told him to get out of town within a week. Michael bowed to their authority and boarded the ferry *Lee Hong* to Hong Kong.

When the ferry landed at Hong Kong, 40 miles away, British officials refused to let him get off because his papers were not in order. Back went Michael to Macao, then back to Hong Kong; this week he was still traveling back & forth, like the Flying Dutchman. The ferry line lets him ride free. A friend has sent him money to buy food on the boat. The *Lee Hong's* captain knows him quite well by now and often invites him to share breakfast. "But," says Captain William Layfield, "he can't stay here forever."

Michael O'Brien is not worried. "I'll stay aboard just so long," he says. "Then, if nothing happens, I'll go over the side."



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(Photographs by J. Aracón)



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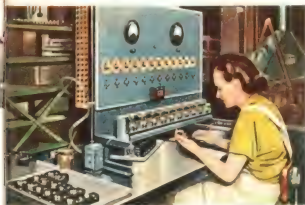
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THE HEMISPHERE

PANAMA

Today, Not Tomorrow

"The word *mañana* will be erased from our administration," Panama's new President José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón told a crowd of 20,000 Panamanians in his inaugural address last week. Taking over a government that is \$40 million in debt, Chichi promised a brisk, businesslike administration, fairer and more efficient tax collections, and a realistic budget that would permit Panama to live within its means. Most of those means are derived from the U.S.-controlled Panama Canal, which bisects his tiny (pop. 805,000) isthmian country; the new President said that cordial relations with the U.S. will be the keystone of his foreign policy, and pledged relentless opposition to Communist influences and propaganda.

Beefy, bustling Chichi Remón long ago erased the word *mañana* from his personal operations. He joined the police, Panama's only armed force, in 1931, and immediately began moving up. After wartime training in the U.S., he became police chief and his country's strong man in 1947. Since then, he has made and unmade five Presidents. When one of them tried to ease him out of his job in 1949, he fired the President in a pre-dawn coup. Prosperous (from cattle and other private interests) and powerful, Chichi was content to stay in the background until this year. Then he put a trusted subordinate in command of the police and ran for President. His lively brunette wife Cecilia, known as "Ceci" to most Panamanians, stumped the country for him by plane, jeep, boat, oxcart, and on foot. "I never wanted to be President, but I have to do away with this anarchy," said Chichi.

ARGENTINA

Decline of Evita

Though Evita Perón is far from forgotten in Argentina, her personal legend is now being soft-pedaled, apparently by official decree. She seems to be receding rapidly into the mists of history, while current emphasis is concentrated on President Perón.

More than two months after Evita's death, the "Association of Friends of Eva Perón," founded in the first hour of grief by high-placed Peronistas, has yet to hold its first meeting. The film *Evita Immortal*, released shortly after her death, has evidently had its run and been withdrawn from circulation. Press and radio have drastically reduced the amount of time and space devoted to her. The President himself has not mentioned her name in a public speech for more than a month.

Clearer indication of the dimout is the unpublicized decision to change plans for Evita's mausoleum. At the outset, the idea was to hold a world competition for the design of a colossal monument, then build it at one of Buenos Aires' main street



PRESIDENT REMÓN
"Mañana" will be erased.

intersections and preserve Evita's embalmed remains within, perpetually on view. By last week, the site had been changed from downtown Buenos Aires to the grounds of the presidential residence in the Palermo section. Evita's monument has been consolidated with an old project for commemorating the *descamisados*. Under the latest plan, the body will be sealed beneath the monument, which is to be topped by a statue of a *descamisado*.

As Evita's worldly fame was fading away, Perón took steps last week to settle her considerable fortune. To Europe, aboard an Argentine Airlines DC-6, he sent her brother Juan Duarte and the president of the Chamber of Deputies, Héctor Cámpora. On arrival in Switzerland they were to transfer her international investments to the President's name. Under Argentine law, when a childless woman dies, all her property acquired after marriage must be divided between her parents and her husband. Duarte and Cámpora, however, carried with them—besides a power of attorney from Perón—a document signed by the president of the supreme court certifying that Evita's mother had waived all rights to her estate.

"The Police State"

One of Argentina's major scandals last year was the disclosure by Judge Sadi Massue, a newcomer to the bench, that Buenos Aires police had tortured a university student nearly to death. Four older and more supple judges of the court of appeals speedily released the three cops held for investigation, but the Massue hearing had spilled the beans.

Last week, to make sure that such a

naive mistake could not be repeated, and to consolidate police power, Perón's dutiful Congress enacted a new police code. Besides merging all Argentine police under a single command, the code made cops no longer answerable for their actions to the regular courts. They will now be subject to trial and punishment only by a special five-man panel of their uniformed peers. Said Juan Perón: "This . . . gives new meaning to police institutions and creates the police state."

VENEZUELA

Spate of Insurrections

A string of angry little insurrections—some of them with the support of dissidents in the armed forces—flared across Venezuela last week. They were speedily quenched by Colonel Marcos Pérez Jiménez and his ruling military junta. The timing and dispersion suggested that a projected nationwide revolt had exploded prematurely. The uprisings:

¶ At Turén, western Venezuela agricultural colony, armed civilians attacked a National Guard post. Repelling the charge, Guardsmen killed one rebel. In nearby Villa Bruzual, civilian revolutionaries captured the National Guard prefecture, but the Guard retook it, killing four.

¶ At Boca del Río air force base, 40 miles west of Caracas, two officers tried to induce the rest to rebel. Failing, one fled and the other surrendered.

¶ Two days later, at Maturín, big air junction in eastern Venezuela, a group of soldiers, civilians and members of the Seguridad Nacional (Secret Service), led by two army officers, seized the Seguridad headquarters and police barracks. In 2½ hours of fighting, loyal troops recaptured the garrisons, killing three rebels.

Although the government was never in serious trouble, the jumpy junta impetuously arrested the leaders and many members of the two "safe" political parties it has been allowing to campaign for the Nov. 3 elections. Then, without explanation, it freed them and blamed the uprisings (as it blames most of its troubles) on Acción Democrática, the big left-wing majority party the junta drove underground in 1948. The government promised that the election would come off as planned.

CANADA

Wanted: Markets

Canada's buoyant economy never looked better. Gold and U.S. dollar reserves last week were at an all-time high of \$1,856,000,000, a 271% jump in five years. Record-breaking exports for the first seven months of 1952 have built a credit balance of \$197 million. Only one cloud appeared on the business horizon: with a bumper wheat crop estimated at 650 million bushels, only 125 million of which she needs at home, Canada may have trouble disposing of the huge surplus.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week, these names made this news:

Biology Student Jon Lindbergh, 20, second son of Aviator **Charles A. Lindbergh**, docked at Hoboken, N.J., sporting a stubby beard. Jon was ship's biologist during the 87-day oceanographic cruise of the tug *Kesin Moran*, which scoured the Atlantic from New England to the Azores, covering 10,000 miles. Prize discovery, according to Columbia Geologist W. Maurice Ewing, head of the expedition, was a mysterious submarine canyon, 250-300 ft. deep, winding 800 miles across the mid-ocean floor three miles below the surface.

In Rome, Cinemactress **Anna (Open City) Magnani** went to court to explain why she had not paid the Italian custom duties on a 1948 Buick which she has been driving for three years. She bought the car, Anna said, thinking everything was in legal order, but "I was swindled."

Celebrating his 81st birthday at the Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland, former Secretary of State **Cordell Hull** got a birthday cake, spent the rest of the day reading, listening to the radio, visiting with his wife and friends.

In Louisville, Ky., Vice President **Alben Barkley** helped observe National Newspaper Week by helping his great-nephew Johnny Dyson, 13, deliver the Paducah *Sun Democrat* to a few houses. Said Barkley to one housewife: "... I'm taking subscriptions in advance." Told she was paid up until January, the Veep replied: "That's fine. I'll be back; I'm going to be out of a job the first of the year anyway."



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See Naples and dive.



JON LINDBERGH
Scour the bottom.

More than 700 guests turned out in their best diamonds and shiniest Cadillacs for a lavish, \$25,000 Beverly Hills party given by onetime Cinemactress **Marion Davies**. Her guest of honor: Sobsinger **Johnnie Ray**, whom she had never met until that evening. Said Marion: "I wanted to have some fun before I die, and this seemed like a good excuse to do it." The party was set mainly in a canopied patio where tables groaned with quartered chickens, beef tenderloins, caviar and champagne. The fish pond was lined with rosebushes hung with gardenias. The bar, long enough to accommodate 150 people, was manned by seven bartenders; 17 violinists, with the help of two regular-size orchestras, supplied the music. Among the all-star list of well-behaved, moderate-drinking guests: the **Jack Bennys**, the **Gary Coopers**, the **Danny Kayes**, **Ava Gardner**, **Judy Garland**, **Lana Turner**, **Barbara Stanwyck**, **Edward G. Robinson**, **Spike Jones**, **Joan Crawford**.

In Tokyo, representatives of the National Council of Churches of Christ in America presented Far East Commander General **Mark Clark** and South Korean President **Syngman Rhee** with the first two copies of the new Revised Standard Version of the Bible.

War Correspondent **Marguerite Higgins** told, in *This Week* magazine, of the time she greeted General **Douglas MacArthur** after the liberation of Seoul, two years ago: "Hi, General! Congratulations on this victory!..." MacArthur came to a dead stop. Then... he waved over the crowd and called back, 'Hello, tall, blonde and ugly, come up and see me some time!'"

Admiral **Earl Mountbatten**, commander in chief of the British Mediterranean Fleet, took time off at Naples, adjusted his undersize fishing gear, dived into the Gulf of Salerno for a little subterranean exploration.

At the Royal St. George's Golf Club in Sandwich, England, the **Duke of Windsor** entered the autumn tournament with a handicap of 16. Wearing a waterproof hat that looked like a combination sou'wester and deerstalker, the Duke shot a 98. Next day, on the eleventh hole, he tore up his card, told club officials: "My game's so bad it's no good going on. It's all right to be playing like this in France... ordinary hurdles. But this course is the Grand National of golf courses."

Celebrating his 16th anniversary as the head of the Spanish government, Dictator **Francisco Franco** sat on a gilded throne in Madrid's Royal Palace as his ministers, generals, admirals and other high-ranking officers filed before him, bowing. On one side of the throne room 50 envoys, including U.S. Ambassador **Lincoln MacVeigh**, looked on. After the ceremony, bigwigs and diplomats proceeded to the Church of St. Francis the Great for a thanksgiving ceremony with a *Te Deum* Mass.

Hurrying down the gangplank of the *United States* after it docked in Manhattan, elusive **Greta Garbo** spotted reporters and photographers, stopped abruptly, put on a pair of dark glasses, continued silently on.

The magazine *Air Force* appealed for the return to Air Force Chief of Staff General **Hoyt S. Vandenberg** of his \$50 uniform cap, which he lost at a luncheon in Detroit in August. The general's hat was "unique and unmistakably identifiable and encrusted clear around with silver lightning." The "over-zealous souvenir hunter... cannot brag about it to friends, nor hang it proudly over the mantel, nor wear it..." If the hat is returned, "the general is willing to forgive and forget with no questions asked."



GRETA GARBO
And continued silently on

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Champ With the Crown

Welterweight Billy Graham had fought Champion Kid Gavilan three times before. Irish Billy took a split decision in one of two nontitle bouts. Cuba's "Kid Hawk" won the other, plus a title defense against Billy—also on split decisions. But the last time Slugger Graham tangled with Boxer Gavilan, Billy's admirers were bitter as they left Madison Square Garden. They muttered darkly that Billy had been robbed; they began calling him "the champ without the crown."

One sweltering evening this week, some 40,000 fans flocked to Havana's Gran Stadium to watch Billy make his second try at depositing the champ with the crown. From the first bell, Gavilan had Graham fighting just the way he wanted him to. When bullish Billy charged in, cat-quick Gavilan feinted him into leading, then countered with jabs as swift as the beat of a hawk's wing; by Round 2, Billy's nose was bloodied.

Springing using his famed bolo punch the Kid kept battering Graham's head, shut one eye, half-shut the other. After 15 rounds, Graham was hanging on; this time Kid Hawk's decision was unanimous.

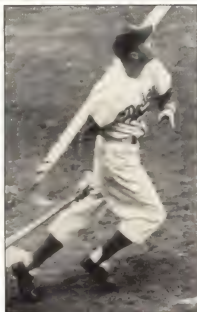
Seesaw Series

The Brooklyn Dodgers had never won a World Series. For the exasperated fans of the 15 other teams in the majors, it was hard to remember when the New York Yankees had lost one. In that sense, the two clubs seemed dead for each other last week as they moved into the annual climax of a nation's baseball frenzy.

After they had begun hammering away, the impression still held good, but a delicate question had been added: Exactly who was made for whom? The Series itself was a fan's dream, a succession of cliff-hanging, hand-wringing games full of melodramatic feats of hitting, fielding and pitching. It produced two blown-in-the-bottle heroes: Dodger Centerfielder Duke Snider, who hit four home runs in the first six games, and Yankee First Baseman Johnny Mize, the oldest (39) player on the field, who delivered a pinch-hit homer, muscled into the regular lineup, and golfed two more into the stands on successive days. The record for home runs in a World Series was broken. Some of the circus catches by the Dodgers' outfielders were so incredible that the stalwarts who had done the deeds gaped at blown-up news photographs and mumbled, "Was that me?"

But the most astonishing thing of all was that the oft-frustrated Dodgers were setting the pace. Starting as 9-to-5 underdogs, they clawed right into the Yanks. After that, from game to game, Brooklyn forced the fighting. Win or lose, Brooklyn's Bums made the aristocratic American Leaguers carry the mental burden all the way.

First Game. Joe Black (15-4), Brooklyn's 28-year-old Negro rookie relief

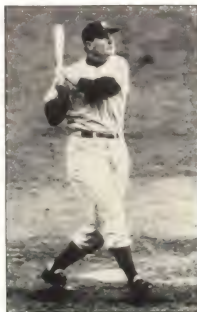


United Press

DUKE SNIDER
Power at the plate.

pitcher, made the third major-league start of his career, facing Yankee Ace Allie Reynolds (20-8). Strong-armed Pitcher Black worked carefully and gave up only six hits; Reynolds gave no more. But Jackie Robinson, "Pee Wee" Reese and Snider belted homers that beat the Yanks, 4-2.

Second Game. Clearly affronted, Casey Stengel's team maneuvered skillfully behind the three-hit pitching of big Vic



United Press

JOHNNY MIZE
Muscle in the lineup.

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Raschi (16-6), scored five runs in the sixth (including a three-run homer by Second Baseman Billy Martin), squelched the Dodgers. 7-1.

Third Game. In the ninth, with the Dodgers leading 3-2, the Bums cracked two singles off Southpaw Ed Lopat, and Stengel moved in Righthander Tommy Gorman. Robinson and Reese welcomed him with a perfect double steal. Then a sinking fast ball got away from Catcher Yogi Berra and both runners scored. Dodgers 4, Yanks 3.

Fourth Game. This time Reynolds and Black gave up four hits apiece. But Allie got his revenge: shut out the Dodgers, won mainly on a 450-ft. triple by Mickey Mantle and another homer by Mize. Score: Yankees 2, Dodgers 0.

Fifth Game. In the fifth, Snider hit his second homer, scoring two teammates. The Yankees fired back with five runs: three of them rode in on Mize's third home run in three days. Manager Charley Dressen let Pitcher Carl Erskine stay in, and he pitched no-hit ball the rest of the way. In the eleventh, Hero Snider sliced a double that won for the Dodgers, 6-5.

Sixth Game. After five scoreless innings, Snider again put Brooklyn ahead with a homer. Later Pitcher Raschi got a single that went far toward winning his own game, scoring Woodling. Mickey Mantle got into the home run party to make it 3-1 for the Yanks. Once again carrying his team, Duke Snider drove another ball over the fence, but there the rally died. The Yankees, winning 3-2, had seasawed back into the Series.

Seventh Game. History repeated: the Yanks won the big one and the Series.

Who Won

Michigan State's football team, its 17th game in a row, over lowly, unrated Oregon State, 17-14; in Portland, Ore. Leading at half-time, 14-0, Michigan State was not only stopped cold in the second half but stood tied at 14-all with the ball on Oregon State's 8-yd. line and time left for one play. After a field-goal try sailed wide, the game looked finished. But Oregon State had been offside: on the second chance, with the clock run out, the relieved Spartans made their three points good. Other notable winners: Notre Dame, in an upset over the high-ranked University of Texas, 14-3; Wisconsin, in a triumph that broke Illinois' victory string at eleven straight games, 20-6; California, rated best in the West and No. 2 in the nation (after Michigan State), over Minnesota, 40-13; No. 3-ranked Maryland, its 15th victory in a row, over Clemson, 28-0.

Russia's Amazonian Shot-Putter Galina Zybina, the shot event in a Soviet meet with a heave of 50 ft. 7.11 in., bettering her own world mark (set in this year's Olympics) by nearly 5 in., in Moscow.

Good Time Stable's pony-sized pacer Good Time, the one-mile Almahurst pace, in heats of 1 min. 58 sec. and 1 min. 58 1/2 sec., a world record for a two-heat race, boosting his lifetime winnings to a record (for harness racing) \$305,842.56; both in Lexington, Ky.



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MUSIC

The Melody Lingers On

*Shine, little glow-worm, glimmer,
glimmer,
Shine, little glow-worm, glimmer,
glimmer,
Lead us, lest too far we wander,
Love's sweet voice is calling yonder!*

That was the way Glow-Worm used to go—sentimentally enough to sell 4,000,000 copies of the sheet music alone since its publication in 1902.* But the copyright on the old Paul Lincke song runs out soon; performers then will be able to sing it, if they feel like it, without paying royalties to Manhattan's Edward B. Marks Music Corp. This summer, in an imaginative bid to keep ahead of the market, Marks got Johnny Mercer to write new lyrics, copyrighted the modernized version:

*Glow, little glow-worm, fly of fire,
Glow like an incandescent wire,
Glow for the female of the specie,
Turn on the AC and the DC...*

Last week the Mills Brothers' recording was gathering nickels in the nation's jukeboxes and was leapfrogging up the bestseller lists.

Boston Picks a Woman

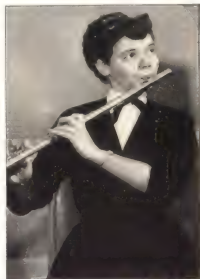
A woman playing first flute in the Boston Symphony? "A very serious matter," wrote Critic Rudolph Elie in the *Herald*, "and I am not a little dismayed by it." But there she was, when the orchestra opened its season last week, her flute tones firm, pure and accurate.

Perky, dimpled Doriot Anthony, 30, knows as well as anybody that the major orchestras eye female instrumentalists with suspicion (unless they play the harp!). She has held such positions as second flute in Washington's National Symphony and the Los Angeles Philharmonic, first flute in the NBC Standard (Los Angeles) and Hollywood Bowl Symphonies.

She had no particular hope when she heard last summer that "one of my gods," veteran First Flutist Georges Laurent of the Boston Symphony, was retiring. But she had experience and solid training (at Rochester's Eastman School), and she applied for the position anyway. In July she traveled to Tanglewood for an audition with Conductor Charles Munch. She played him some Bach, waited while other applicants took their turns, then went back twice more to show what she could

do with Debussy and Ravel. Munch took two months to decide. It was not until fortnight ago that a phone call came through from Boston; she could be first flutist, on a year's trial.

At the opening concert, Conductor Munch nodded approvingly over her solo bits in Beethoven's *Fourth Symphony*. The Boston *Globe* critic was even more approving; he pronounced her "a true



James F. Coyne
FLUTIST ANTHONY
Suspicious eyes

find." Scowled the *Herald's* Elie: "I find it difficult to accept the notion that any lady flute player could ever succeed Georges Laurent either as an artist or as an object of such veneration among men."

Comeback in Manhattan

In the ballet business, as anywhere else, nothing succeeds like success—and Manhattan's Ballet Theatre has learned it the hard way. It was bad enough when Ballet Theatre's financial backing ran low in 1948 and the group had to suspend for a season. Its morale suffered other blows when such dancers as Nora Kaye and Melissa Hayden switched to George Balanchine's rival New York City Ballet. Last week, nonetheless, Ballet Theatre was forgetting hard times and making a strong Manhattan comeback.

It had solved the star problem by coaxing ageless Ballerina Alicia Markova (born Alice Marks) back into the fold to be guest star. It also commissioned Broadway-famed Choreographer Agnes de Mille to do a new number, *Harvest According*, and got its own ballet master, Edward Catton, to whip up another, *Triptych*. It was again scheduling an "American Composers Night," when Leonard Bernstein, Aaron Copland, Morton Gould and Virgil Thomson would conduct their own ballets.

Biggest news was Markova's return

* And to inspire another hit song in 1950:

*Nix on the Glow-Worm, Lena, Lena,
Play something else on your concertina*

† The Boston Symphony and the Philadelphia Orchestra have women hornists. Philadelphia also has a woman second clarinetist. Further west women have gained a bit more ground, e.g., Indianapolis and Houston have women first flutists, St. Louis has a woman first trombonist.

after six years away from the company and three away from Manhattan. Her best role is in a masterly old bit of nonsense, *Giselle*, which she still dances better than anybody else. She floats about the stage as a peasant girl in love with a disguised nobleman, goes mad convincingly, and rises from the dead with incredible grace. Perhaps her leaps are not very high any more, and she spends little time on the tips of her toes, but every motion is polished and her feet are almost as expressive as hands. When she takes her curtain calls.



BALLERINA MARKOVA
Mostly nonsense.

the audience sounds like a rooting section.

Agnes de Mille's new ballet takes off from the Walt Whitman line: "Life, life is the tillage/And death is the harvest according." Choreographer de Mille works out her ideas in three scenes. "Birth," "Games" and "The Harvest," the last in a Civil War setting. The ballet critics were giving it mixed notices ("A great new ballet," said the *Herald Tribune*. "Just run of de Mille," cracked the *Daily News*). But audiences seemed to like its romping "Games" scene and its suddenly gripping finale, where the heroine finds herself mateless and alone in a crowd of reunited soldiers and wives.

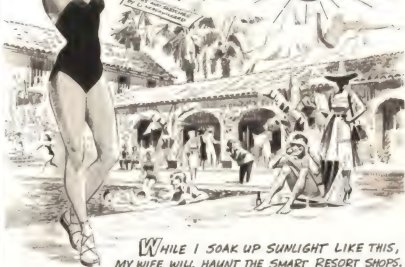
Moreover, the audiences were trooping in well for all performances; company regulars such as Alicia Alonso, Mary Ellen Moylan, Igor Youskevitch, John Kriza were drawing just as well as Markova. Midway in its three-week season, Ballet Theatre breathed easier, estimated that it would take in \$150,000 (last year, \$97,000), for its best season yet.

Bluebeard on the Couch

Before Freud, Bluebeard was a fairy-tale monster with a pleasantly chilling tendency toward murder. After Freud Bluebeard's libido became a subject for re-examination. The late composer Bela Bartok and Librettist Bela Balasz were quick to see the possibilities, in 1911 put

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the theory into the form of a one-act opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*. It was staged for the first time in the U.S. last week by the New York City Opera.

Wife Judith, the fourth, enters the castle of Bluebeard's soul. Is consumed with curiosity about the seven doors to his subconscious. She coaxes his keys from him, one by one opens the doors to discover 1) his torture chamber, 2) his armory, 3) his treasury, 4) his secret garden, 5) his broad domain, 6) his vale of tears and, finally, 7) his three previous wives, alive, but all in trance-like states.

Judith realizes then that her husband cannot be fulfilled by any one woman; his first wife was dewy-fresh like the morning; the second was ardent noon; the third was a twilight sorrower. Too



SINGERS PEASE & AYARS
What's going on here?

late, she makes her final discovery: her curiosity has gone too far. Bluebeard hands her the mantle of night, and she joins the others behind the seventh door. Judith is sung by Soprano Ann Ayars; her "inner self" is danced simultaneously by Mary Hinkson. Bluebeard is sung by James Pease (his inner self is the castle).

All this had the first-night audience sitting on the edge of its seats—partly out of excitement, partly trying to make out what was going on. Grand opera fans found it pretty rough going—the music never hit upon a tune, the orchestra was heavy and even the best-pleased listeners took issue with such details as Bluebeard's spidery costume and the static quality of the action. But psychoanalysis is popular in Manhattan. When it was all over, it looked as if *Bluebeard's Castle* would be a successful part of the company's repertory.

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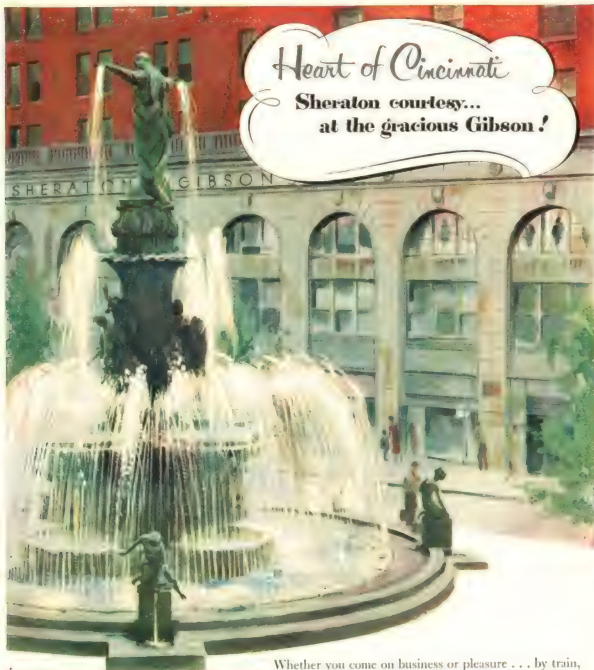
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THE THEATER

Old Favorite in Manhattan

An Evening with Beatrice Lillie is something that large numbers of people must have long and devoutly sighed for. As the funniest comedienne alive, Bea has been providing delightful memories for 30 years—from as far back as her *Chariot's Revue* "patriotic" number ("March with me . . . march, march, April, May and June"). That military triumph, like some of Bea's others, is much too elaborate for the present intimate doings, where—except for Reginald Gardiner with his clever imitations—the Lillie virtually goes it alone. The evening is strewn with things that she alone can do.



BEA LILLIE

Fred Fehl

Elegance punctuated with epilepsy.

Yet it is no more than discreetly hilarious: Bea often couldn't be funnier, but most assuredly her material could.

Lillie's leading characteristic—her cool, impeccably groomed air—is actually a very misleading one. For it suggests a drawing-room satirist of manners; then, with a sudden vocal or facial or bodily twist, she achieves something thoroughly low or superbly insane. This elegance punctuated with epilepsy can create effects as uproarious as they are unique.

The current Lillie evening has many fine, authentic Lillie moments. But much of the material—skit or song, new or old, even as famous as *Three Little Fishies*—is either not very good in itself or not what Bea can do best. In the past, she has been most glorious upsetting full-stage apple carts, playing hob with vast production numbers; the atmosphere here dwindles, in more ways than one, to that of a nightclub. Bea's gifts at times seem almost as wasted as they are wonderful.

TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1952



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The Silent Teachers

In its campaign against Reds in the city schools, New York City's Board of Education fired six schoolteachers last week for refusing to tell a Senate subcommittee whether they were, or had ever been, party members (*TIME*, Sept. 22). The lever used to pry the teachers (five men, one woman) loose from their jobs: section 903 of the New York City charter, which provides that if a municipal employee refuses to answer a question about official business "on the ground that his answer would tend to incriminate him, [his] employment shall terminate." A few days later, the Board of Higher Education dismissed three municipal college professors who had clammed up before another session of the same Senate subcommittee.

The dismissal of the six brought to 75 the number of full-time teachers with known or suspected Communist ties who have left New York City's schools within the past 3½ years. Eight teachers were dismissed last year, 61 retired or resigned after city officials began sniffing for Reds in the school system.

Gracious Living for All

Walter Winchell did not present a problem when Emily Post began piloting Americans along the winding bayous of gracious living, and the proper adjustments of falsies was not a matter of social import. But manners change: this week, Socialite Amy Vanderbilt (a 44-year-old offshoot of the Staten Island Vanderbilts, who is married to Photographer Hans Knopf) brought out a new book of etiquette which is unblushingly concerned with areas of human endeavor which ladies & gentlemen did not discuss—or had not yet discovered—back in the day of the bustle and the Prince Albert beard.

Not that Arbiter Vanderbilt has been stingy with advice for those who may have to hold a hunt breakfast, staff a 100-room mansion, or participate in an evening horse show (a dinner jacket is often worn with evening trousers cut slightly narrow in the leg with elastic straps under the insteps). But in Amy Vanderbilt's *Complete Book of Etiquette* (Doubleday; plain \$5, indexed \$5.75), a 700-page tome, the author not only writes with an un-venae'd frankness but has pushed the horizon of social propriety out to include such goings-on as divorce proceedings, the entertainment of problem drinkers, and appearances on television.

Do not wear shiny jewelry when before the TV cameras, she advises: it reflects light glaringly. When properly approached, it is socially proper to endorse foods, liquors, cosmetics and cars, but such intimate products as tooth paste, depilatories and underwear are obviously unsuitable. What to do about gossip columnists? "A well-known individual," Miss Vanderbilt seems to feel, will just have to "endure" them—unless a "damaging" story warrants a libel suit. Apparently aware that

some of her readers are not trying to avoid columnists, she blandly adds: "The debutante who . . . enters a nightclub with a gazelle on a leash can be virtually sure [of] a line of print somewhere."

Such oddments are only a beginning for Amy. In the four years it took her to get over her hook she has not only viewed etiquette as a cradle-to-the-grave proposition, but turned out advice (most of it highly sensible) on almost every conceivable aspect of life. Amid voluminous dissertations on manners she does not hesitate to write: "Nothing, not even a bad clam, is ever spit, however surreptitiously into a napkin. But it is sheer masochism to down . . . something really spoiled." What to do? She suggests depositing partly chewed food with the fork on the side



Hans Knopf—Fu
AUTHOR VANDERBILT & SON
Unblushing advice.

of the plate, to be quickly "screened" thereafter with celery or bread. Other items:

¶ To hostesses whose guests are prone to get soured: just give them limited drinks.


¶ Under *Correspondence*: "Love letters are sometimes bombshells. It has often been said that nothing should go into a letter that couldn't be read in court."

¶ Under *Education of Children*: "[Girls may wear] a natural pink lipstick at 13, or 14 for parties, a little darker one at 15, and from 16 on, lipstick as they wish [and] a little powder."

¶ Under *Home Entertaining*: "If you have a septic tank or cesspool, you need to explain [to house guests] that . . . facial tissues . . . should not be thrown into the toilet bowl . . ."

¶ When you are traveling by plane, a stewardess should be addressed as "Stewardess" or (if her name is displayed on a plaque) "Miss James." "You need never exchange a single word with your seat mate, but conversation is permissible."

¶ On a train, occupants of private quarters may play their portable radios if the



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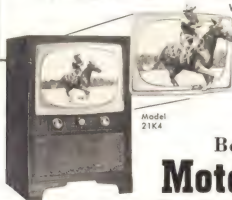
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door is closed, but Pullman and day-coach passengers had better not.

Amy devotes whole chapters to Men and their place in contemporary life ("The old-fashioned pater familias... is as extinct as the Stanley Steamer. Most modern fathers can change a diaper..."). The pre-tied bow tie for evening is now permissible, she admits, but adds: "It seems to me a sad little invention, like the old-time... sleeve garter."

"An Englishman feels that his raincoat must be dirty—in fact, I am sure he tramps on a new one... but in the U.S. a dirty raincoat is just a sign of careless grooming." Men would do well to wear cologne instead of violently scented hair rubs and shaving lotions.

At one point the author feels moved to advise fishermen that even low conversation is not permissible in surface fishing, since "fish can hear and they feel vibrations such as are made by throwing an empty beer bottle into the water." A faint note of envy finally seems to creep in as she discusses *Bachelors*. "Unlike his unmarried sister, he need give no thought at all to his appearance... Everyone knows that a man can always marry even if he reaches 102, is penniless, and has all faculties gone. There is always some woman willing to take a chance on him."

Amid such a variety of observation and counsel, Miss Vanderbilt would be more than human if her own taste did not slip occasionally. In giving advice on dinner-table conversation, she cites as "one of the funniest anecdotes I ever heard at table" a newspaper heading quoted by *Punch*:

John Longbottom,
Aged 3 mo. Dies

On this, *Punch* commented: "*Ars longa, vita brevis*." Miss Vanderbilt says that this "would be impossibly vulgar, if explained." Here lies the root trouble with all books of etiquette: so much that is sensible and even wise sounds impossibly vulgar when explained.

Report Card

Recognizing that 21 outstretched hands are better than one, Texas Christian, Southern Methodist, Baylor and 18 other Texas universities and colleges, all of them denominational (both Catholic and Protestant), have banded together for the purpose of collectively soliciting money from business corporations, both within and beyond the borders of Texas. They agreed to split 60% of the take into 21 equal shares, divide up the rest according to enrollment.

In a New York *Times* interview at Princeton, Albert Einstein had some thoughts on present-day college education. Too early specialization, too little stimulation of critical thinking, he said. Through specialization, the student "may become a kind of useful machine, but not a harmoniously developed personality. It is essential that [he] acquire... a vivid sense of the beautiful and the morally good. Otherwise, he... resembles a well-trained dog..."

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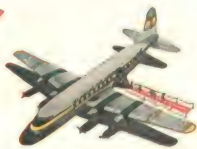
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MEDICINE

The Next President's Health

The next President of the U.S. will be a man who today has no chronic disease, no sign of heart trouble, and normal or rather low blood pressure. These facts became clear this week when, for the first time in any presidential election, the personal physicians to the two major candidates answered detailed press questionnaires on their patients' health.

In many medical respects, Dwight Eisenhower and Adlai Stevenson are remarkably alike. Both are 5 ft. 10 in. tall and both are heavyweights, though the general (62 next week) barely makes this class at 176 lbs., while the governor (52) weighs in at 185. Both have good appetites and both are acutely aware that they must

have had any other major surgery: the nearest approach to it was removal of a Stevenson kidney stone last June, without cutting. Each has had a touch of bursitis in one shoulder.

Electioneering has upset their schedules, but in normal life both men work about ten hours a day and try to make sure that they get enough sleep. Eisenhower aims at the traditional eight hours, often has to be content with six or seven. Stevenson makes a point of being in bed by midnight, up by 7:30. The general does not take regular vacations; the governor takes short ones.

They favor different methods of taking exercise. Eisenhower plays golf (upper 80s), and has a rowing machine and an electric exercise bicycle. Stevenson can



IKE



ADLAI

Two heavyweights must watch what they eat.

watch what they eat or they will gain too much weight. Eisenhower eats anything, but he keeps the portions small and averages only 1,800 to 2,500 calories a day; Stevenson scarcely touches butter, fried foods and pastries, and gets much of his 1,700 calories in salads, fruits, vegetables and milk, with meat only once a day.

Both have good hearing, sound teeth, good color sense and good vision for men of their age, though Eisenhower is a bit farsighted and Stevenson wears reading glasses because his eyes are slow to adjust for close range. Both have normal lungs, but Stevenson suffers occasionally from bronchitis. The governor's heart beats faster—80 to the minute at rest, 110 after brisk exercise; the general's averages 72, goes up to 96 on exercise. The general has the higher blood pressure, averaging 134/90 (it has been as high as 156/96); the governor's is healthily on the low side, at 110/72.

The candidates are alike in having had the usual childhood diseases and having had their tonsils out. Ike has got rid of his appendix; Adlai still has his. Neither

play several sets of tennis a day; he also plays golf occasionally (low 90s) and rides. Eisenhower "drinks only a dilute highball of Scotch whisky and plain water, rarely more than two glasses before dinner." He does not smoke. Stevenson "takes an occasional social drink at night only," prefers bourbon. He smokes a pack a day.

Chilling Operation

Judith Schmidt was born with a hole in the wall between the right and left sides of her heart. As a result, "used" blood (from which the body had taken the oxygen) was mixed with fresh blood that had just soaked up more oxygen in the lungs. Judith lived her first eleven years as a semi-invalid.

Last month doctors at the Cleveland Clinic sent Judith to Philadelphia's Hahnemann Hospital. There she was given a general anesthetic and put in an ordinary, kitchen-type freezer 6 ft. long. Doctors and nurses kept watch on her as her temperature began to drop. Surgeon Charles P. Bailey hoped that it would go down to



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80", but after twelve hours it had leveled off at 88", and he decided to operate.

Dr. Bailey and his colleagues opened Judith's chest and cut open her heart. With clamps they stopped the blood flow and slowed the heart's action. Then they sewed a piece of the upper heart sac over the hole (as big as a half dollar) in the partition, closing it completely. As soon as they had stitched up the heart covering again, they gently massaged Judith's heart and got it beating at a normal rate.

The tricky, dramatic operation had taken only five minutes. At normal body temperature, the heart cannot be stopped more than three minutes without danger of severe damage to the brain. But at lower temperatures the brain needs less oxygen and can get along longer without it. "In this case," says Dr. Bailey, "I was glad of those extra two minutes." Judith was "thawed out" slowly. Next morning her



United Press

JUDITH SCHMIDT
In five minutes, a normal heart.

temperature was normal, and she greeted her anxious parents with a cheering "Hi, mom! Hi, dad!" Last week Judith flew home to Cleveland. "She's a normal girl now," says Dr. Bailey.

The technique for closing an opening in the heart's septum was standard; what was new was the freezing to slow the circulation and give the surgeons more time. The idea came to the Hahnemann surgeons after years of working on an artificial heart-lung machine. They could not get it to do the whole job of carrying a patient's circulation and oxygenating his blood. They reasoned that if they could cut down the body's demand for blood by lowering its temperature, the machine might be adequate. Then it dawned on them: perhaps the low temperature alone would do the trick, without the machine.

The first human patient on whom they operated (after tests on animals) died because her heart drew in air. Judith was Hahnemann's second patient. A Minneap-

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TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1952

olis team operated successfully on a five-year-old girl, chilled in a blanket laced with coils containing frigid alcohol. Last week Dr. Bailey did his third operation, chilling a year-old baby in a blanket.

Dr. Bailey does not believe that the technique can be used in mitral-valve operations, or that it will be much good for older patients whose heart muscles are "worn out." But it gives the surgeon more time and a "dry field" (without blood flow) to operate on young patients whose cases might otherwise be too risky.

"Cease & Desist"

Organized medicine snorted "politics" when Harry Truman set up his Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation last winter, and it looked askance at Wisconsin's Surgeon Paul B. Magnuson, member in good standing of the American Medical Association, for agreeing to serve as the commission's chairman. Last week Dr. Magnuson offered his critics some advice. When he took the job, said Magnuson, he was "unalterably opposed to compulsory national health insurance"; after taking 8,000 pages of evidence, he was of the same opinion still. But, he told the District of Columbia Medical Society:

"It is our plain and simple duty as doctors to furnish leadership in every national, state and community effort to look into ways of improving health conditions in America. If we abdicate this responsibility . . . then other elements in our society will take over and we will find ourselves under a distasteful system of medical care. If organized medicine is to retain its rightful place of esteem in our society, it had better cease and desist at once from its current policy of proclaiming that it alone can decide whether there are any health problems in this country, and that it alone can decide what the average doctor should think about the pressing problems of the day."

Added Dr. Magnuson: he hopes to see his views printed soon in the *A.M.A. Journal*, where they will reach some of the hard cases he is talking to.

Sanitarian's Reward

While Charles-Edward Amory Winslow was a student at M.I.T. in the '90s, one of his teachers was a man dedicated to a relatively new idea: that the health of the people is a proper concern of governments. The teacher, William T. Sedgwick, has gone down in history as the father of the public-health movement in the U.S. In Manhattan this week, Pupil Winslow won a special (\$2,500) award from the Albert & Mary Lasker Foundation because he has fathered modern public-health practice, not only in the U.S., but around the world.

Public health in Winslow's youth was largely limited to water supply and sewage disposal (both of which the Romans had been good at 2,000 years earlier), plus vaccinations against smallpox and faltering efforts to halt the spread of infectious diseases. Biologist Winslow, who lists himself as a "sanitarian," worked in the state health departments of Massachusetts and New York, then moved on in

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1915 to a full-dress professorship in public health at Yale.

For 30 years he gave graduate courses to physicians, physiologists, bacteriologists, epidemiologists, nutritionists, mental hygienists and engineers working on water supply, sewerage and housing, forever emphasizing how all these specialties met in the common purpose of protecting and improving the public health. Today, more than a thousand Winslow men are spread across the U.S., in city, county, state and national health agencies, and around the world, preaching his gospel that in the long run the price of health is far less than the cost of sickness.

Now 75, and technically retired seven years ago, Dr. Winslow has not slowed down a bit. Slight, stooped, and a nervous chain-smoker, he still edits the *American Journal of Public Health*, has just finished the second of five volumes on public health. Says his Yale successor, Dr. Ira Hiscock: "Winslow is still so young that young people go to him for new, young ideas."

Other Lasker Award (\$1,000) winners:

□ Dr. Brock Chisholm of Toronto, for his work as director general of the World Health Organization.

□ Dr. Howard A. Rusk of New York City, for rehabilitation of the disabled.

□ Dr. Conrad A. Elvehjem, Wisconsin biochemist, for finding out the body's needs in minerals, vitamins, amino acids.

□ Dentists Frederick S. McKay of Colorado Springs and H. Trendley Dean of Washington, for promoting water fluoridation.

□ Sir Frank Macfarlane Burnet of Melbourne, for fundamental work on viruses.

"Frightened to Death"

Doctors have long believed that there is basis in fact for the old tag: so-and-so was "frightened to death." But they had little idea just how it might come about, i.e., how the emotion of fear could make the heart stop beating—victims of heart trouble are not likely to be sitting in a doctor's office having an electrocardiogram taken when they suffer a fatal fright. Now some of the missing evidence is in.

The 29-year-old woman who went to Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital complaining of palpitations and a "smothering sensation" had nothing wrong with her heart. Drs. W. Proctor Harvey and Samuel A. Levine ordered psychiatric treatment for her. Then the patient volunteered to test the effect of a drug (amyl nitrite) on heart sounds. At first the electrocardiograph gave normal readings; so did the phonocardiograph. But as soon as the patient saw the drug, her heart began a machine-gun beat. Scared nearly to death herself, the doctors put the drug away and her heart went back to normal.

In this type of patient, the doctors reported in last week's *A.M.A. Journal*, it might have taken nothing but a more severe fright to cause a prolonged heart speed-up. And this is the sort of speed-up that can lead to fibrillation (a futile, non-rhythmic quivering) of the lower part of the heart, which means death.

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SCIENCE

Baby Bombs

The atom bombs of World War II were bulky monsters weighing close to five tons. The B-29s that atom-bombed Japan carried only one on each mission. But atom bombs have been getting smaller and handier. The Army's description last week of its atomic gun gives an idea of how small a modern atom bomb can be.

The gun's bore is 280 millimeters (11 in.). Since the vital parts of an atom bomb must be roughly spherical, the atomic explosive packed into the gun's shell is not likely to be much larger than a sphere eleven inches in diameter (a regulation basketball is 8.5 in.).

If it were all uranium—the heaviest metal—such a sphere would weigh about 460 lbs., but only a small part (one guess: 74 lbs.) can be uranium or plutonium. There must be a chemical explosive to start the nuclear reaction, and there may be some empty space.

Encasing the early bombs was a large mass of "tamper," i.e., a heavy metal such as lead or tungsten, whose inertia held the bomb together while the nuclear explosion was getting under way. If the tamper were eliminated, which is possible, the bomb would weigh not much more than an eleven-inch sphere of TNT (about 40 lbs.).

Bombs not intended for cramming into a shell are probably heavier and bulkier for the sake of explosive efficiency, but even bombs to be dropped from planes may be made small and light. A B-36 on an intercontinental mission could carry not one but 50 or more such lightweight bombs.

Prehistoric City

Where did human society begin? Father Jesus Carballo, 76-year-old priest-archaeologist, believes that it might have had its start near his own parish in Santander, on the north coast of Spain. Father Carballo is chief explorer of Mt. Castillo, a prehistoric cave city where ancient man lived some 12,000 years ago while the glaciers crawled over Europe. After nearly 50 years of work, he has found the heart of the city, deep inside the mountain.

Crowned by a ruined fortress from which it gets its name, Mt. Castillo is 20 miles southwest of Santander in the heart of the Basque country. The rock below the fortress is honeycombed with caves which cross and intertwine. When Father Jesus first came to Santander 48 years ago, none of the caves had been well explored. The young priest, pushing through the dark galleries, found their walls covered with drawings, their floors littered with weapons and tools of paleolithic men. Fired with enthusiasm, he dedicated himself to the task of making those faraway people live again for modern man.

Great Day. For a while Father Jesus got help from foreign archaeologists. But the local government was not interested and neither was the church. One of his

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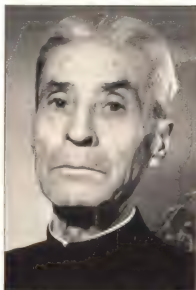
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superiors warned him "to devote more time to religion and less to dreams."

Then one day King Alfonso XIII visited a beach resort near Santander, and Father Jesus appealed to him. The King visited the caves, admired the drawings and heard Father Carballo discourse on their antiquity. In 1924 the King financed a board of archaeological research, with Father Jesus as technical adviser.

"That was the greatest day of my life," the old priest recalls. Now he had more time for his beloved cave dwellers. Nearly every day, after saying early Mass, he changed into workman's clothes and took off on his motorcycle for Mt. Castillo. Out of the dirt floors came all the apparatus of the cave-men's lives: carved scepters, bone pins and needles, harpoons, stone lamps. Father Jesus' two-room apartment was soon full to overflowing. He appealed to the city for a place to



FATHER CARBALLO

His motorcycle was a scandal.

house his collection, and was turned down. Churchmen told him that his motorcycling in layman's clothes was a scandal. So he went again to the King and hit another royal jackpot: an order creating Santander's Regional Prehistoric Museum, with himself as curator.

Stick to the Job. By this time Father Jesus was convinced that the twisting, crossing passages formed a sort of city, perhaps the first in prehistory. He longed to penetrate all its mysteries. Perhaps he would find some central place where the cave-men held the first meetings or ceremonies of human society.

The Spanish Civil War did not bother him. Father Jesus stayed behind when all the other priests fled, and the Loyalists did not molest him. After the war, when a returning priest accused him of fraternizing, Father Jesus retorted: "I merely stuck to my job as priest and scientist. You who flew away were yellow."

Slowly the collection at the museum

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grew, and with it grew Father Jesus' knowledge of the cavemen's customs. One thing was still lacking: the central meeting place of their social life. This year an assistant who was climbing a face of the mountain found a narrow opening and threw a lighted newspaper into it. Inside was a great cavern.

Birth of Society. Old Father Jesus was lowered into the cave. The nearest chamber was 300 feet wide, with drawings of bison decorating the walls. Behind it was a maze of passages. He pushed into their darkness. About 1,000 feet inside the mountain he found what he had hoped for: in the middle of a chamber stood a polished stone, carved to resemble a bison. At one side was a throne-like seat for a priest or chief. "This was their main sanctuary," said Father Jesus. "It was their cathedral, the heart of the prehistoric city of Mt. Castillo."

The exploring priest is sure now that Mt. Castillo is one of the places where human society was born. While the glaciers crunched over northern Europe, men sought shelter in caves; and the connected caves of Mt. Castillo offered room for many of them. Somehow they learned to behave less like animals, more like humans.

Once a community was formed, the city grew rapidly. Tools and weapons were made in quantity—and commerce began. The decisions of the chieftains grew into law. Old men told tales to the younger generation—and history was born. Art began with the drawings of animals sketched on the walls. In this way, says Father Jesus, the cold breath of the glaciers forced men to learn to live together.

Creative Electronics

Some scientists say that electronic apparatus may eventually learn to think. Some say no. Dr. E. W. Engstrom, head of the Laboratories Division of Radio Corporation of America, belongs to the yes or gee-whiz faction.

Said Engstrom last week at a Chicago conference: "Electronics, with its unlimited ability to count, remember and control . . . is . . . literally asking to take over certain duties which have been performed by men's minds—thinking processes. What man can conceive, comprehend and perform, he will be able to construct in electronic systems to do his bidding, and the electronic performance will be at least as effective as the human performance . . . The electronic system will sense, react, interpret, compute, act and control. It will do this using what is the equivalent of thinking . . ."

"How far will this go? Certainly it will include thinking processes which are repetitive. Certainly, it will 'think through' and execute wherever situations can be pre-analyzed and stored in electronic memory. Maybe this will include situations [now] considered as creative thinking, or at least in the border area of the creative. This may be so for the materialistic, the scientific and the humanistic—for all the arts and sciences."

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Venus under the Ashes

Amedeo Maiuri, director of the National Museum at Naples, was taking a short vacation seven weeks ago when he got an electrifying phone call from one of his archeologists at nearby Pompeii: "We're uncovering the best-preserved Roman painting ever!" Maiuri hurried over, and sure enough, there was something to make him dig hard. Peering over a layer of volcanic gravel were the head and shoulders of a beautiful woman.

Archeologist Maiuri's men cleared away the rest of the gravel. There, astonishingly preserved, was a 7-ft. mural of Venus reclining on a sea shell, attended by cupids. Unlike most Pompeian paintings, which have been dimmed and reddened by ash, rain and time, the mural had kept most of its original luster: deep sky-blues, rosy flesh tints, bright gold for the ornaments, rich brown for Venus' hair.

The style was just as interesting. Most art historians have put the antique Roman painters down as stiff copyists of the Greeks. But the Pompeian Venus has an easy flow of line, more than a small touch of expressionism—as if the Pompeians had begun to develop a style of their own just before the destruction. Maiuri placed it as the work of an unknown artist for the home of a wealthy Pompeian gentleman some time between the earthquake of 63 A.D. and the searing eruption of Vesuvius 16 years later. The absorbent qualities of the porous volcanic gravel at that spot had kept the mural moisture-proof for more than 1,800 years.

At Pompeii this week, Archeologist Maiuri unveiled his new Venus for 47 experts from 20 countries, who were there to dedicate an auditorium for the Pompeian Archeological Center. Until they had a

chance to study her bright colors and billowing lines, he brushed off photographers eager to take careful pictures. "It's enough for now," he chuckled, "to say that she is the prototype of a Neapolitan beauty—florid, fleshy, luscious. In short, what you Anglo-Saxons would call a girl with sex appeal."

Berthe & Her Circle

Art lovers in Toronto last week got one of the world's rare good looks at the work of a ranking woman painter of the 19th century. Her name was Berthe Morisot, and she lived from 1841 to 1895 at the height of French impressionism, yet today only a few know her name. She held but one big exhibit during her lifetime: ever since, most of her works have been out of sight. Toronto's Art Gallery spent a year negotiating with her daughter in Paris, finally managed to borrow 30 paintings on condition that the gallery would insure them for more than \$1,000,000.

Toronto saw pictures as gentle and untroubled as garden roses: pink-cheeked girls doing their hair, Sunday picnics in the park, swans, haystacks, cherry pickers, and happy children with dolls. Berthe Morisot's colors were bright and sunny, her figures nicely drawn and set in an atmosphere of misty calm. Next to her works were ten other paintings from her collection, by such greats as Degas, Renoir, Manet, Monet; these showed where Berthe had learned her style.

Mama Was Watchful. Daughter of a wealthy government official and distantly related to France's 18th century Jean Fragonard, Berthe took up drawing at 16 merely as a social grace. Mama Morisot traipsed along on visits to her instructor's studio, to keep a watchful eye on the proceedings. Berthe was clumsy at first, but

within three years she was studying with Corot, learning to paint landscapes in his fashion.

Then, when she was 27, Berthe was introduced to a rising young artist named Edouard Manet, and the meeting colored her whole life. She became more serious about art, wrote Manet long, involved letters on what she had learned from Corot, persuaded him to leave his dim studio to paint bright countrysides and farms. In Paris, she often posed for the young painter, developed a womanly jealousy when he sometimes used another model. Berthe never admitted anything more than friendship for Manet; he was a married man. But she stayed close by, eventually married his brother Eugène.

Monet Was Generous. Berthe turned her home over to impressionism's rising lights. She befriended Edgar Degas, Alfred Sisley and Pissarro; Claude Monet generously painted a large landscape for her when she mentioned that she needed something to decorate her studio. Pierre Auguste Renoir joined her circle while he was still painting china plates and window shades for a living. Berthe helped set up exhibits of the group's work, her own included, joined in organizing auctions, and spent hours trying to bring unfriendly critics around to impressionism.

Through it all, Berthe never got around to holding a solo show of her own paintings. But in 1892, after her husband died, Berthe left Paris for a few months to paint, then returned for her first one-man show. Paris critics nodded approval, but few people cheered a woman painter in those days. She never gave them another chance. Two years later, at the age of 54, Berthe Morisot sickened and died; her will named Auguste Renoir guardian of her 16-year-old daughter Julie.

At last week's show, 3,700 people flocked through the gallery in the first seven days. A special TV program was set



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subsidiaries. One is that liquor is sold under so many special, complex and often confusing state laws that minor infractions are almost inevitable. When a subsidiary is found guilty of breaking one of these laws, its particular brand may be temporarily banned from the state. But if the subsidiary were a corporate division, all the products of the entire corporation would be banned. Furthermore, many liquor drinkers prefer what they think are independent brands. In the mistaken belief that only a small distiller can turn out good whisky, (If the subsidiaries were divisions, the parent company's name would have to be put on the label as well as the subsidiary's.)

New Weapon. Actually, FTC's chief motive for the suit apparently had little to do with competition between subsidiaries. What it was really trying to do was fashion a new weapon to use against Fair Trade-pricing, which it has vigorously fought despite the approval of Fair Trade by both the President and Congress (TIME, July 28). To do this, FTC was making use of a little-known decision of the U.S. Supreme Court involving Seagrams early in 1951.

An Indiana drug company had charged that two Seagrams subsidiaries would sell it no liquor, that they would deal only with Indiana wholesalers who agreed to resale prices fixed by Seagrams. All the drug company wanted was a chance to buy some Seagrams liquor without making such an agreement. But the Supreme Court went much further. Not only did it rule that Seagrams should abolish such restrictive practices; it also said that subsidiary corporations have an obligation to compete with one another, even though they may be under the same ownership. Thus, by going after subsidiary-pricing, FTC could also attack Fair Trade-pricing under the antitrust laws.

RETAIL TRADE

Home for the Hunter

As boss of Chicago's Marshall Field & Co.'s gun department, Charlie Hunter had long fretted over one big handicap for his customers. Since many of them had no opportunity to practice shooting under actual hunting conditions, they were likely to miss their duck or pheasant when the big chance came. What they really needed, he thought, was a place where they could practice under actual field conditions, thus make every shot count. By last week, after more than eleven years of on & off prodding, Marshall Field had decided Hunter was right. In a 1,000,000, 102-acre wooded area 33 miles northwest of Chicago, the store prepared to open Fieldale Farm, a practice range for hunters, with almost every type of hunting condition simulated on the grounds.

In the heavy woods, two 40-ft. towers have been erected to sail out clay ducks for the hunter in a blind below. For the quail, pheasant and partridge hunter, the store has built a 1,000-ft. fairway lined with corn shocks and rail fences. As the hunter stalks along, an accompanying

"trigger-man" follows him, releasing fast-flying clay birds that simulate the flights of the different game birds. The price for such fun: about \$3 for 25 targets.

With a high overhead (40 employees), Charlie Hunter figures he will be doing well to break even. To help, the store has reconstructed an old barn into a gun shop, stocked it with guns ranging from \$75 to



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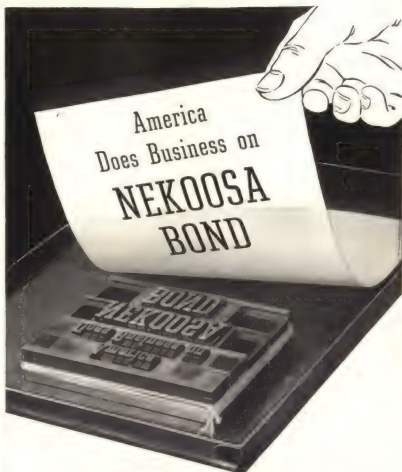
more than \$2,000. Other items: shooting gloves, alpaca-lined pants and red underwear. Next year, with an eye on the 650,000 hunting and fishing licenses issued in & around the Chicago area, Hunter hopes to add a pond to the farm, sell fishing practice and equipment as well.

RESTAURANTS

The Highwayman

To motorists in most Eastern states, the orange tile roof of a Howard Johnson's restaurant is almost as familiar as a gas pump. The Johnson chain, which got its start near Boston 24 years ago, now stretches along highways from Maine to Florida, has outlets scattered all the way to Wisconsin. This year its 355 "stores" will serve 250 million customers and gross \$150 million; they constitute the largest roadside restaurant chain in the world. But Founder Howard Johnson, a husky 54-year-old who spends as much time on the road as his best customers, is not satisfied. His goal is to have at least one outlet in every state.

Last week, with building restrictions eased, Highwayman Johnson added three new states to his territory. He put the final O.K. on plans for five new restaurants along Oklahoma's Turner Turnpike, to be built by Phillips Petroleum and leased to the Johnson company. A new Howard Johnson's will be opened next week in Atlanta; another is abuilding just south of Louisville, Ky. By next spring at least



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20 new links will be forged in the chain, including restaurants in Los Angeles and Montreal.

Johnson's chain has lengthened measurably since war's end. In the past six years he has added 118 restaurants. Of the total, he owns 145; the rest he licenses out and sells the owners their supplies: toothpicks, napkins, hot dogs, ice cream, syrups, potato chips, tea balls, matches and about 700 other items. He also owns nine eastern steakhouses, known as Red Coach Grills, and a wholesale business which sells such local specialties as baked beans and brown bread to retailers in the six New England states.

AVIATION

Early Bird

Proudly, Britain's De Havilland Aircraft Co., Ltd. last week announced delivery of the last of nine Comet I jet airliners to British Overseas Airways Corp. By early 1953, BOAC hopes to have the fleet flying on a London-Tokyo route as well as to South Africa, Colombo and Singapore. De Havilland hopes to have all the bugs of jet operation eliminated—and perhaps be flying its Comet III—before the U.S. gets a commercial jet transport into the air.

FOREIGN TRADE

Shell Game

When the Justice Department's Office of Alien Property got ready this year to sell Manhattan's E. Leitz, Inc., the U.S. distributors of Leica cameras, it took pains to see that E. Leitz did not fall back into the hands of its German parent, Ernst Leitz of Wetzlar (TIME, June 16). The Justice Department remembered what had happened after World War I. Then Alfred Traeger, the former manager of the U.S. branch of Leitz (also seized by the Government in World War I), bought the company from the Government's alien property division. By the mid-1930s, Germany's Leitz again owned the U.S. company. This time, the Government barred any but U.S. citizens from bidding for the company and sold it last August to Dunhill International, Inc. of New York for \$787,000.

Dunhill, which had planned to sell Leicas alongside its pipes and tobacco, ran into trouble the day after it bought Leitz. The German company informed Dunhill that no more cameras would be delivered to it. Last week Dunhill sold the U.S. company to Henri Mann, a wealthy German-born banker who represents the German company in the U.S. One of Mann's first acts was to make a change in Leitz's New York operation. Into the top management slot he again put Alfred Boch, the same man who had been brought to the New York branch in 1935 when Leitz of Germany took over from Traeger.

At week's end, the Justice Department shrugged off the whole matter. Justice was only concerned with the original sale, the department explained. Resales were none of its business.

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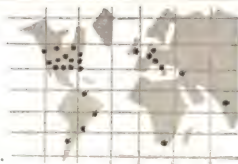
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CINEMA

Movie Revolution

Manhattan moviegoers last week were packing a Broadway theater to see something new in moviemaking called Cinerama. The critics enthusiastically called it "thrilling," "sensational," "breath-taking," "spectacular" and a "revolution in motion pictures." The movie itself, a haphazard series of travelogues called *This Is Cinerama*, would have excited no one if it had been shown by ordinary projectors on a flat screen. What made audiences sit happily through two hours of the first public sampling of Cinerama was the "three dimensional" sensation to eyes & ears (TIME, July 2, 1951). The illusion jammed the spectators into the front car of a whipping roller coaster, then into a gliding Venetian gondola, then in the nose of a converted bomber as it soared across plains and mountains.

Cinerama's trick is produced by filming its subjects with a three-lens camera (each lens aimed from a different angle). Then the film is projected, by three projectors, on a wide, concave screen; the sound is played over several loudspeakers placed around the theater. Result: an impression of full-dimension sight & sound. Cinerama's ability to drag the audience into the picture shows up best in the outdoor scenes that capitalize on vast panoramas, since the idea is to present the same wide-angle view on the screen that the human eye sees normally.

One criticism: Cinerama's camera seems too immobile: there is little use of the customary drama-heightening tricks used in conventional moviemaking, e.g., panning, cutting, tilting.

But Movie Producer Merian C. Cooper (*Grass*, *Chang*, *King Kong*), who is devoting most of his time to the new process, says that Cinerama can do anything regular movies can do, and do it better. "The basis of drama doesn't change at all, but the method of presenting it changes radically," he says. Instead of moving the camera's eye, Cooper plans to direct the viewer's eye to the most dramatic spot. With panning made unnecessary, the scope of Cinerama's screen will increase the effectiveness of straight-on shots. Other techniques will have to be developed through experience.

Cinerama officials are already planning to shoot feature films. The new medium, they claim, will in time replace most flat-screen movies. While many moviegoers are ready to accept this prediction, some agree with one owl-eyed critic who said, after a bout with Cinerama: "They're riding a two-wheeler, but they've never learned to walk."

The New Pictures

The Thief (Horry Popkin; United Artists) takes its inspiration from the old adage that a picture is worth a thousand words: it is a sound film in which no one ever speaks. The movie manages to get along quite well without dialogue because



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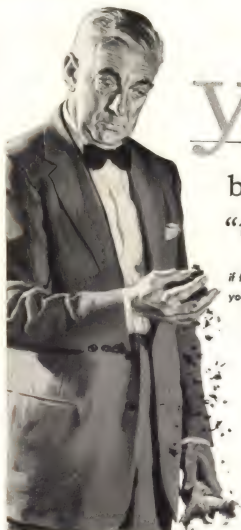
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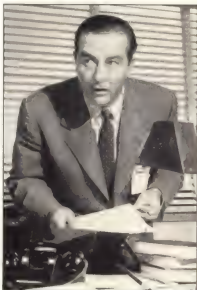
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it is an uncomplicated chase thriller told with the camera on a simple physical and psychological level. The thief is a nuclear physicist (Ray Milland) employed by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, where he is microfilming top secret documents for a foreign spy ring. When the FBI gets on his trail, he flees to New York, kills a Government agent in a chase to the top of the Empire State Building, and is about to escape overseas on a freighter when his conscience rather abruptly gets the better of him, and he voluntarily gives himself up to the FBI.

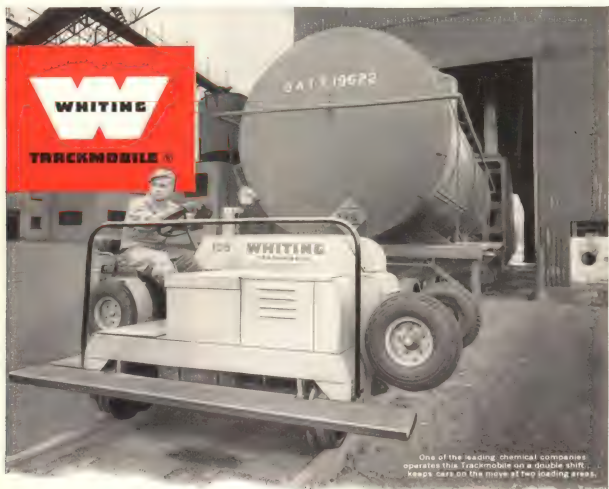
The spies, more or less naturally, operate behind a wall of silence: they communicate with each other by telephonic signals and by notes written on the back of cigarette wrappers. The only time Milland himself opens his mouth is when he breaks down and sobs during the strain of the chase. But though the picture is word-



RAY MILLAND
Worth a thousand words.

less, it is not actually silent. It has a rich, sometimes over-emphatic musical score. And it has all sorts of literal sound effects: the click of a microfilm camera, the rustle of papers, the jangle of telephones, the blare of radios, opening & closing doors. Unfortunately, Director Russell Rouse (who also co-authored the screenplay with Producer Clarence Greene) has not used his sound track, or his camera, in a particularly imaginative way. *The Thief* is an interesting stunt and a fairly exciting thriller. But in telling its story visually, it merely proves what has been obvious ever since sound came to the screen: most movies talk far too much.

The Fourposter (Stanley Kramer: Columbia) is unique for being a movie with only two characters and one set. The picture traces the milestones of a marriage from the vantage point of a bedchamber in a Manhattan brownstone: the turn-of-the-century wedding night; the arrival of



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the first baby; the crisis over the other
woman; the son's death in World War I;
the daughter's wedding in the jazz-mad
'20s; the husband (Rex Harrison) re-
living the high spots of the marriage with
the vision of his departed wife (Lilli
Palmer) just before he, too, dies.

Jan de Hartog's 1951 comedy-drama,*
on which the picture is based, was a theat-
rical tour de force that capitalized on the
physical limitations of the stage. But on
the expansive screen, it becomes a mo-
tion picture with a minimum of motion
and a maximum of sugary sentiment. The
result is a fourposter that often creaks and



REX HARRISON & LILLI PALMER
Outside the bedroom, cartoons.

sings. England's suave Rex Harrison and
Lilli Palmer, his real-life wife, play their
parts smoothly, though they sometimes
seem over-sophisticated for the homey
couple they are supposed to be. The pic-
ture owes nothing to the stage original for
its outstanding feature: a gaily animated
cartoon that bridges sequences, depicting
the changing world outside the bedroom.

Because You're Mine (M-G-M) is an
undernourished cinemalust starring a
slimmed-down (156 lb.) Mario Lanza
(who tipped 220 lbs. in last year's *The
Great Carnoso*). Lanza plays a drafted
opera star who gets involved with a hard-
boiled, musically inclined sergeant (James
Whitmore) and his pretty, singing sister
(Doretta Morrow). In the course of the
plot, Lanza, singing in a voice distinguished
for its sheer volume, delivers 14 numbers,
ranging from *Il Trovatore* and *Cavalleria
Rusticana* arias to *All the Things You Are*,

* Still running on Broadway with Burgess Mer-
edith and Betty Field, who succeeded Hume
Cronyn and Jessica Tandy.

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in a variety of settings, from an opera stage and a nightclub to an army guard-house and a telephone booth. As one of the characters in the picture remarks: "I'll admit there's nothing wrong with his threat, but that's as far as I'll go."

The Lusty Men (Wald-Krasno; RKO Radio) is a cowboy picture without rustlers or a sheriff. Its subject is the modern cowpoke who makes a handsome but hazardous living being kicked by broncos and gored by steers on the rodeo circuit. The picture has some rousing scenes of rough-riding thrills & spills photographed at the Pendleton, Tucson, Livermore, Cheyenne and Spokane rodeos, but the story that runs through these sequences soon develops a limp.

It starts off promisingly as a character study of tensions among the hard-riding, hard-living members of the broken-bone-and-bandage set, but soon falls into a conventional movie mold. A Texas cowhand (Arthur Kennedy) becomes a champion rider with the help of a has-been rodeo ace (Robert Mitchum). But Kennedy has a beautiful red-haired wife (Susan Hayward). So just as much action begins to develop outside the rodeo arena as inside when the two men tangle over the lady. The gustiest characterization in *The Lusty Men* is provided by Arthur Hunnicut as a punchy ex-broncobuster with a busted leg.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Flowers of St. Francis. Several episodes from the life of Francis of Assisi woven into a rich cinematic garland by Roberto Rossellini (TIME, Oct. 6).

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Fontaine (TIME, Aug. 4).

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a world of their own (TIME, July 21).

High Noon. A topnotch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperados single-handed (TIME, July 14).

Where's Charley? Ray Bolger singing and dancing in a gay, Technicolor edition of *Charley's Aunt* (TIME, July 7).

Carrie. Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).

The Story of Robin Hood. Robust version of the old legend, with Richard Todd fighting for king, country and fair Maid Marian (TIME, June 30).

Pat and Mike. A sprightly comedy in which Katharine Hepburn plays a lady athlete and Spencer Tracy a sports promoter (TIME, June 16).

Outcast of the Islands. Conrad's hot-house drama of a white man's disintegration in the tropics; with Trevor Howard, Ralph Richardson (TIME, April 28).

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 14, 1935, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1937 AND JULY 1, 1940 (Title 49, United States Code, Sections 241-243):—THE WEEKLY NEWS-ARREST-MAINTENANCE AND CIRCULATION OF TIME: For the Week Ending September 22, 1952

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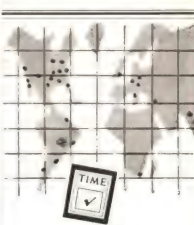
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6. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date above shown are: 1,000,000.
(Signed) James A. Thompson
Business Manager

Signed and submitted before me this 23rd day of September, 1952
(Said)

(My commission expires March 23, 1953)



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Poetry's 40th

U.S. poetry was fizzing when Harriet Monroe of Chicago started *Poetry* magazine in 1912. By opening her pages to some of the best young fizzes, she got some "firsts" to be proud of: T. S. Eliot's *Prufer*, Carl Sandburg's *Chicago*, early verse by Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The magazine became a haven for published and unpublished poets, regardless of poetic school. They could always pick up encouragement and, if necessary, a meal. And for 24 years, like an encouraging schoolteacher, Editor Monroe sat waiting for fresh geniuses to blow in. Her office was rarely dull; nobody was much surprised when Vachel Lindsay appeared one



HARRIET MONROE
She fed hungry poets.

day with a poem about King Solomon's 400 wives, and led Editor Monroe through an improvised dance while he chanted it.

Poetry's circulation has never risen much over 4,000, and the magazine has never paid its own way. The editors have been able to solve this problem by button-holing well-to-do well-wishers. Nowadays the head of the fund-raising committee is Mrs. Ellen Stevenson, ex-wife of Adlai Stevenson, herself an occasional contributor to *Poetry*. But over the years, editors have been confronted with another problem even graver: somewhere along the line, U.S. poetry ceased to fizzle.

This week *Poetry* celebrates its 40th anniversary with an oversize, 95-page issue. Editor-Poet Karl Shapiro wrote his best contributors, asking for gems. Though the issue shines with famous names in contemporary poetry—W. H. Auden, E. E. Cummings, Marianne Moore, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams—most of the gems are made of paste.

Auden's poem is probably the best of the lot: a description of "a plain without a feature," where masses of men march to the command of a dictator and nobody knows "Of any world where promises were kept/Or one could weep because another wept." But even this poem is all too predictable to anyone familiar with Auden's work. Still more predictable are Marianne Moore spinning fine verbal webs, Wallace Stevens in a suavely elegiac mood, E. E. Cummings broken out in lyrical wonder. As for the younger poets, most are earnestly prosy, weary beyond their years, and cautiously derivative.

Critics discussing the plight of poetry in the U.S. are prone to speak of the impatience of readers jaded by too much news and too much entertainment, of the callous indifference of editors, and of the fact that a lot of people who jump on modern poetry as obscure would also have trouble with Milton. Perhaps so. But a hard look at *Poetry* suggests that it is not only the philistinism of the public that is to blame. Poets can get away with many things, but not with dullness.

Wickedest Man in the World

THE GREAT BEAST (316 pp.)—John Symonds—Roy (\$4.50).

"I thought that I knew of every conceivable form of wickedness," said a judge to a London jury in summing up a libel case in 1934. "I thought that everything which was vicious and bad had been produced at one time or another before me. I have learned in this case that we can always learn something more . . . I have never heard such dreadful, horrible, blasphemous and abominable stuff as that which has been produced by the man who describes himself to you as the greatest living poet."

The poet in question was Aleister Crowley, 58, born the son of well-to-do evangelical parents. His parents had lived their own lives as active Christian laymen, and done their best to make him follow their example. They had given him the baptismal name of Edward Alexander, but he preferred others. Perhaps his favorite name for himself (adopted from the book of *Revelation*) was "The Beast whose number is 666." When he died, at 72, he was popularly known as "The Worst Man in Britain" and "The Wickedest Man in the World." His literary executor, John Symonds, has now written a sympathetic biography.

316 Devils. Many a son has reacted to parental righteousness by going wrong. But Aleister Crowley is one of the few who deliberately devoted a lifetime to creating a "religion" out of every vice in the catalogue. At 14, he seduced the kitchen maid while his mother was at church, and butchered a cat to see whether it had nine lives. These were mere preliminary excursions; he inherited a fortune from his pious father and went on to broader fields. At 23, he became Brother Perdu-

raho ("I will endure to the end") of the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn. The group was interested in communication with good or angelic spirits in the "beyond" (William Butler Yeats was also a member). Crowley branched out a bit: he promptly set up a "black magic" room, and once by his own count gathered 316 devils together.

Without her family's knowledge, Crowley married Rose Kelly, sister of Painter Sir Gerald Kelly. They spent their honeymoon in Cairo, where they drove through the streets dressed in silks, diamonds and cloth of gold, and in Ceylon, where, for a while, Rose thought she was a flying bat and was found by her admiring husband hanging from a beam, naked, upside down and unhurt.

Dirty Snowdrops. Crowley insisted that in all his acts he was directed by "The Secret Chiefs," i.e., the top brass of the



ALEISTER CROWLEY
He gave orders to Beelzebub.

spirit world. These chummy spoofs now informed him that "a New Epoch had begun for mankind and that Aleister Crowley had been chosen to initiate it." Crowley took orders from the Egyptian god Horus, with his wife (now known as Ouarda the Seer) acting as interpreter. *The Book of the Law* (the bible of the New Epoch) was then dictated to him.

The *Book's* first rule is: "There is no law beyond Do What Thou Wilt"—and this Crowley proceeded to do. One of his first acts of freedom was to set "Beelzebub and his 49 servitors" after the leader of the Order of the Golden Dawn. Another was his baking of sacred "Cakes of Light . . . to breed lust" in all who ate them. To this period, too, belongs the slim volume of pornographic poems entitled *Snowdrops from a Curate's Garden*.

Final Hymn. Most sons would by now have felt that they had repented themselves sufficiently on paternal piety. But not Crowley. "I want none of your faint

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approval or faint dispraise," he wrote, "I want blasphemy, murder, rape, revolution, anything, bad or good, but strong." When World War I began, he left Ouarda in an insane asylum and hurried to the U.S., where he spent the early war years writing pro-German propaganda for George Sylvester Viereck's *The Fetherland*.

At war's end, a "Chinese oracle" ordered Crowley and his handful of disciples to Sicily. Here, Crowley, his ears pierced and hung with rings, "painted and wrote . . . smoked opium, sniffed snow . . . ate grass (hashish), and [took] laudanum, veronal, and anhalonium." He also tried to referee the frequent battles which took place among his concubines.

In his last years, he was a shadow of a man, half-crazy and exhausted by drugs and debauchery, and his wickedness had degenerated into absurdity. But he still had a few followers. He was cremated at Brighton. Over his beflowered coffin a disciple loudly chanted *The Beast's erotic Hymn to Pan*. The chairman of Brighton's crematorium committee was not impressed by the innovation. Said he, perhaps unconsciously voicing the thoughts of a generation of Englishmen: "We shall take all necessary steps to prevent such an incident occurring again."

Counterfeit Love

THE ILLUSIONIST (250 pp.)—*Françoise Mallet—Farrar, Straus & Young* (\$3).

Some of the most striking French fiction comes from precocious teen-agers writing about teen-agers. In *Devil in the Flesh*, 17-year-old Raymond Radiguet showed a boy drawn into a love affair with an older married woman and swamped by the first rush of passion. In *Awakening*, Jean-Baptiste Rossi, 16, told a startling but sensitive story of a love affair between a youngster and a Roman Catholic nun. In *The Illusionist* (written three years ago) 22-year-old Françoise Mallet, a Parisian housewife and mother, tells perhaps the strangest tale of all, that of a 15-year-old girl who falls in love with her father's mistress. When the book appeared in France last year, the weekly *Le Peuple* spoke for most of the critics when it said: "The Illusionist is not, strictly speaking, a masterpiece, but it is not far from one."

Innocent Eye. Hélène Noris is a lonely, wide-eyed girl with her snub nose pressed flat against the windowpane of life. Her widowed father is a stuffy businessman parceling his time between his shops, his stocks and his political ambitions. When Hélène wanders to the kitchen for companionship, the maid shoos her out, tells her: "Masters are masters and servants are servants! Society makes these rules." To give her life a dash of drama, Hélène pretends, when in school, not to know her lessons—just to hear her classmates titter and her teachers upbraid her. Down deep she is convinced that, except for a miracle, "nothing will ever happen to me in all my life!"

Hélène's miracle takes the form of a chance meeting with her father's Russian



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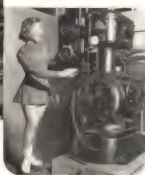


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rink, measuring 185 by 85 ft., the year 'round. You get the ulti-



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mistress. Tamara. To Tamara, who has lived precariously for most of her 35 years, Papa Noris is an anchor of security, though he never guesses how often and strangely she drags anchor. For Tamara is a Lesbian, too neurotically selfish for anything but a perverted counterfeit of love. But to the innocent eyes of Hélène, Tamara's brusque, boyish charm, her low voice "rough as a cat's tongue," her disordered flat, a jungle den of cigarette smoke and weird African masks, has all the magnetic pull of an adolescent day-dream come true.

The den into which Tamara gradually draws Hélène turns out blacker than any jungle; it is a total eclipse of the soul. As their strange relationship progresses, both shame and secret jealousy prevents Hélène from telling her father that she even sees Tamara. One day Tamara demands that she tell him, and slaps her viciously when



NOVELIST MALLET
From den to jungle to eclipse.

she fails to do so. In a sobbing flare-up of independence, Hélène cries, "You'll never see me again!" and leaves.

Her revolt is short and bitter. Humbly and penitently, she returns. From then on, Hélène is made to suffer for every moment of pleasure. Tamara finally takes her to a Lesbian nightclub and abandons her to the pawings of a frumpy rival.

Is Everybody Happy? Up to this point, Author Mallet saves a distasteful story by telling it with poignance, and a style as spare as a fine Japanese print. When she tries to save her characters with a conventional happy ending, the effect is more pat than palatable.

Papa Noris, anxious to still village gossip about both him and his daughter in order to clinch a pending election, offers to marry Tamara. In the glib space of a few pages, Tamara blossoms into a dutiful bride and Hélène into a mature young woman who sees through the illusion by which she has been enslaved.



The "Gobble-uns" were gobbled up

—by electricity
and "Your Unseen Friend"

"**T**O BED, to bed, you sleepy head!"

And, with mother carrying the lamp, up you went, scared of your own shadow! Only you thought it was "gobble-uns" — big, fearsome, shadowy "gobble-uns" that git you ef you don't watch out.

Hut, today, those scary "gobble-uns" are gone.

The electric light bulb killed 'em off. "Your Unseen Friend" had a hand in their passing, too.

Most incandescent lamps have lead-in wires made partly of Nickel because it has just the right kind of mechanical properties . . . partly of a special Nickel alloy that expands on heating at the same rate as glass. And this Nickel helps bulb makers produce longer-lasting lamps.

It also helps light these lamps: helps electric light and power companies bring you current that costs about one-third less today than in the twenties, while most family budget items went up. One of America's many *production-for-freedom* miracles!

How was this miracle achieved? Well, power companies and their equipment suppliers found ways to get about twice as much electrical energy from each pound of fuel. This increased efficiency means improved generating methods which require equipment operating at much higher pressures and temperatures. This, in turn, calls for Nickel and Nickel-containing alloys . . . metals that resist corrosion and stand right up to terrific heat and pressure.

Inco Nickel is helping industry serve you better . . . by producing more and more for less and less . . . the American way. You seldom see it, though, because it's usually intermixed with other metals to add strength, toughness, or other properties.

That is why Inco Nickel is called "Your Unseen Friend."

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You and "Your Unseen Friend": morning, noon and night, Inco Nickel is always with you — helping to make your life easier, brighter, more worthwhile. Just how? "The Romance of Nickel" tells you. Send for your free copy. Write The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 916a, New York 5, N. Y.

TIME, OCTOBER 13, 1952

Inco Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend



The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.



VOTING

—both call for FACTS
BUYING



The wise voter arms himself with detailed facts about each candidate before he goes to the polls.

The wise buyer shuns guesswork, too. He strives for complete and detailed facts about brands of merchandise before laying his money on the line.

Are YOU Giving Buyers Facts?

If you have goods or services to sell, you can gain buyers for your brand by giving them the facts they are looking for. Tell them your whole story, in full and in detail. Tell them about your minor sales points too, for these often carry much weight with buyers.

Best Way to Tell Your Story

The most effective medium for presenting your complete sales story is printed selling literature — colorful folders, booklets, broadsides, brochures, catalogs.

Printed literature is flexible enough to embrace your whole story. It gives you all the elbow room you need to describe, illustrate and document every single selling point. Thus printed pieces represent the ideal means for capturing a buyer's interest and holding it right through to the point of purchase.

Your Ally—A Good Printer

Once the need for printing in your business becomes apparent, call in a good printer. Call him in right from the very start, for only then can he apply his skills at every step along the way. Only then can he perform most effectively for you, and save you most in effort, time and money.

In all likelihood, your literature will be printed on one of Warren's Standard Printing Papers — and for good reason: Good printers everywhere like Warren's uniform high quality. And they like the brightness and beauty of their presswork every time they specify a Warren grade. S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.

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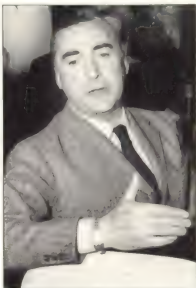
Printing Papers

Bestselling Nausea

THE SKIN (344 pp.)—Curzio Malaparte—Houghton Mifflin (\$3.50).

"Our true country," declares Curzio Malaparte in his new book, "is our own skin." By this definition, Signor Malaparte is a redoubtable patriot.

Before 1943, he was the Duce's tame intellectual, a pet journalist of Fascism, who, as special correspondent for Milan's *Corriere della Sera*, was fed rich scoops of news on the silver spoon of favoritism. When the war began to turn against the Axis, so did Malaparte's pen. He was punished with brief confinement in a Rome prison, then allowed to retire to the Capri villa; there he was liberated by the Allied forces. Malaparte promptly put all his inside information about high Fascist circles at the disposal of the Allied command,



Associated Press

CURZIO MALAPARTE

From horror to shock to numbness.

and was rewarded with a commission as liaison officer with the U.S. Fifth Army.

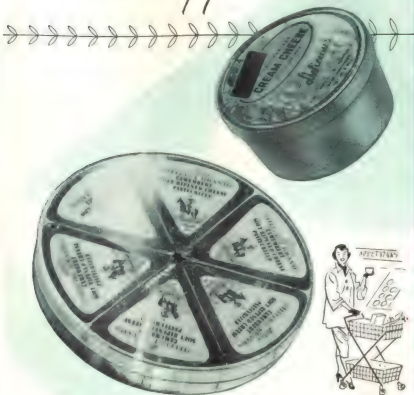
The next year Malaparte fortified his status as an anti-Fascist with the publication of *Kaputt* (TIME, Nov. 11, 1946), a gruesome collection of anecdotes about Nazi-Fascist cruelty. *Kaputt* was a sensational bestseller on the Continent, and made Malaparte one of Europe's leading apostles of nausea—a sort of Jean Paul Spillane.

Now, in his second autobiographical account, *The Skin*, Malaparte has done for his new masters what he did for his old in *Kaputt*. The treatment is just as popular, too. *The Skin* has already sold 100,000 copies in Italy, 200,000 in France, 250,000 in Germany, and is a bestseller in Argentina, Belgium, Denmark, The Netherlands, Norway and Spain.

Author Malaparte begins his pitch with a sugary invocation of his victims. "The American army," he coos, "[is] the loveliest, the kindest . . . army in the world

PLASTICS

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sales appeal!*



protective, transparent, selling...
packages made of STYRON

During October, which is National Dairy Month, as well as all year around, much interest is centered on the dairy industry. Its high-gear promotions have stressed better packaging and the utmost in protection. Packages made of Styron (Dow Polystyrene), for example, have been used not only to give outstanding protection but to add sales appeal on retail counters. These packages are self-selling salesmen

with unusual clarity, eye-appeal and buy-appeal. In the dairy field, moisture resistance of Styron keeps cheese fresh and flavorful—and affords lasting protection.

Let these packaging advantages be yours today. Why not work together with experts from Dow's Plastics Technical Service and an experienced molder to give your packages harder sell at the point-of-sale?



*let's work it
out together!*

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DID
you
know?



That the epicurean flavor and aroma of Camembert cheese is caused by the presence of the blue mold *penicillium camemberti*? When a cheese manufacturer protected the soft delicacy of Camembert cheese with gleaming, rigid polystyrene packaging—at a price nearly 10% higher—sales skyrocketed over six times. Once reserved for the gourmet, over 30,000,000 wedges of Camembert cheese were devoured in the U. S. last year!



When mass production molding methods were first introduced to the plastics industry, a machine could produce a three-ounce finished part... or 100 pounds of products per day. A recently developed machine can consume up to 500 ounces of polystyrene at once... or mold 5,000 pounds of finished parts per day. In less than two decades, a machine capacity increase of 4900%.

DOW
Plastics

I MET NEW ENGLAND...



*when
a robot
worried!*

A computer that "worries" ... that re-checks itself for errors? "Yessir!" said my guide. "Fastest mechanical brain there is. Harnessing electronics is old stuff here in New England. You see, electronics demands tremendous research. And since the greatest concentration of research facilities in the world is right here, it's only natural that New England be the electronic center, too."

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New England's largest electric system—serving 2,500,000 people in over 242 New England Communities—and over 1400 industrial and manufacturing firms making 225 different products.

... I like Americans ... and I proved it a hundred times during the war ... Their souls are pure, much purer than ours. I like the Americans ... because they believe that Christ is always on the side of those who are in the right, because they believe that it is a sin to be in the wrong."

Thereupon Malaparte proceeds, with crude but cruel satiric effect, to lead a number of U.S. officers (and indirectly his readers too) on a macabre tour through the gutters of wartime Naples. He shows mothers who sell their children into prostitution; but then, says Malaparte with a smirk, there are also the children who would gladly sell their mothers. He dwells for part of a chapter on a street peopled with twisted female dwarfs, who fed, he asserts gleefully, on the unnatural lusts of the American ranks. Another chapter is concerned with a visit to a shop that sells blonde merkins (pubic wigs). U.S. Negro soldiers, Malaparte explains, like blondes.

A little farther on, Malaparte alleges that there existed during World War II a "homosexual maquis"—and what's more, he claims, they had a lot to do with winning the war for the Allies. This is somehow connected with the fact that "the love of inverts is, thank God, superior to the sexual feeling of men and women."

On & on he goes, reporting all the horrors he can remember and imagine—a "flag made of human skin" fluttering in the breeze, the rows of crucified Jews he saw on a Ukrainian steppe, the time an Allied general served his guests a boiled child (or was it really only a fish that looked almost human?).

In sum total, though his horrors and ironies startle and shock, they end by numbing.

RECENT & READABLE

The Devils of Loudun, by Aldous Huxley. A skillful account of the epidemic of devil-possession which beset the French town of Loudun in the 17th century, and of the rash priest who burned for it (TIME, Oct. 6).

The Man on a Donkey, by H. F. M. Prescott. Vivid fictional chronicle of the 16th century Yorkshire rising against Henry VIII (TIME, Sept. 22).

The Old Man and the Sea. A masterfully written story about a Cuban fisherman, which may be just what Ernest Hemingway thinks it is: the best work he has ever done (TIME, Sept. 8).

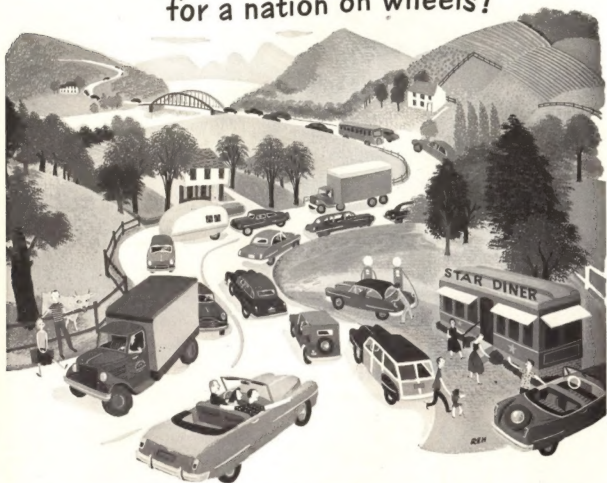
Sam Clemens of Hannibal, by Dixon Wecter. The late editor of the unpublished Mark Twain Papers shows how much Clemens' youth contributed to the golden dream of boyhood in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* (TIME, Sept. 1).

The Canterbury Tales. A versification by Nevill Coghill, preserving much of the lusty, 14th century tone of the original Chaucer in a rendering as witty and up-to-date as the conversation of a 20th century Oxford don (TIME, Aug. 11).

Matador, by Barnaby Conrad. Latest addition to the small shelf of good books about bullfighters (TIME, June 30).

Witness. The testament of Whittaker Chambers (TIME, May 26).

COAL keeps the wheels going round for a nation on wheels!



Your tires turn on a road of coal, for it takes coal to manufacture highway cement and it's coal tar that binds and surfaces the crushed stone base of a "black-top." Your car and the bridge it crosses are *bituminous* coal "products," too—both are made of steel and to make every pound of steel takes the carbon from a pound of coal. Even modern highway lighting depends on coal—70% of the fuel used by America's electric companies is coal. More than that, almost all the fine products that make our standard of living the world's highest depend on coal power for their manufacture!

So it's important to everyone that America's 5,000 competitive coal companies have developed the most efficient coal industry in the world . . . that America's coal resources are virtually inexhaustible!

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- ☆ A progressive industry strives to deliver an ever better product at the lowest possible price!

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MISCELLANY

Straight Answer. In Toledo, when two cops demanded to know what Milton Easley was doing in another man's car, he replied sheepishly: "Stealing, I guess."

Trimmed. In Noble, Ill., a price war between the town's two barbers ended abruptly when Barber Joe Smith cut his haircut fee from 75¢ to free, had to lock up shop to keep out the crowds.

The Firebird. In Cleveland, just after Mr. and Mrs. Alfonso Capretta had finished remodeling their home, a bird picked up a lighted cigarette from the street, flew to its nest in their roof, and set a \$2,500 fire.

Welcome. In Skiatook, Okla., Mr. & Mrs. Edward Davis were sued for \$28,434.20 damages by a house guest who said that she had tripped and fallen over the Davises' door mat.

The Romantics. In Nottingham, England, an all-male committee of the city council unanimously declared they would not use sodium lighting in the downtown area because it was unflattering to women's complexions.

Decentralization. In Raleigh, N.C., when police started to give Robert L. Williams a ticket for driving his newly purchased used car without a license, the headlights fell off, the trunk lid fell off, and the bumper fell off.

Headed Wrong. In Boise, Idaho, a strange man passed Judith Barnhart on the sidewalk, hit her on the head with a rock, then took a closer look and muttered: "Sorry, wrong person."

Barrack-Room Ballad. In Milwaukee, Henry F. Szczepkowski, veteran of five years in the Army, filed suit for divorce, said that he was "shocked" by his wife's profane conversation.

Trade Balance. In Hilo, Hawaii, Liquor Store Owner John Perreira, refusing to run for the territorial legislature, explained: "If I were a candidate lots of people would be coming around to sponge drinks. If I gave them liquor, I'd lose money. If I refused them, I'd lose their votes."

Defilade. In Oklahoma City, after Driver Jerry Clifford Moland was brought to court for sideswiping a car, his fine was suspended when he explained that his front-seat female passenger weighed more than 200 lbs. and that he "couldn't see over her."

Bottled Up. In Greenville, S.C., when the drunks in the city jail never seemed to sober up, police kept a close watch, nabbed Janitor Jesse McKamey peddling whisky through the bars.



Cutler-Hammer Electronic Control for range drive used in the manufacture of roofing paper.



Cutler-Hammer Electronic Dancer Roll Control used in the manufacture of textiles.



Electronic section of a large Cutler-Hammer control panel used to obtain near-magic performance by a huge machine tool.

for difficult drive problems

Electronic motor control frequently proves to be a near-miracle in solving seemingly impossible problems of machine performance. But it isn't as new and revolutionary as many people think. Cutler-Hammer Electronic Motor Control has been hard at work for years . . . day after day . . . on such rugged, demanding jobs as those in steel mills, automobile factories, textile mills, newspaper pressrooms, railroad shops, rubber mills, and petroleum refineries. Cutler-Hammer engineers have long coupled the broadest of all motor control experience with a practical know-how in electronics spanning more than 30 years to the time when they worked out many basic electronic control circuits and the original designs for some of today's most widely used industrial type electronic tubes. If you think your machines or processes can be improved by the use of electronics, discuss your problems with a Cutler-Hammer engineer. CUTLER-HAMMER, Inc., 1308 St. Paul Ave., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. Associate: Canadian Cutler-Hammer, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



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on the draw for Japan's

HORSEBACK ARCHERY



1 "Rapid-fire target-shooting at full gallop has been the Japanese test of a samurai warrior's skill since the 12th century—but even at a trot yabusame was almost too much for me," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "Shooting at three targets along a 370-yard course and refitting arrows between shots took as much horsemanship as marksmanship..."



2 "A 6-foot bow was my first tip-off to the rigors of yabusame. We'd lined up to honor the 'First Archer.' If he missed his first target it would mean bad luck. I crossed my fingers—he hit the bull's-eye.



3 "'You're next,' my host said after the others had made their runs. 'And be sure to hit the final target,' he warned as he adjusted my quiver belt. My first arrow, shot at a gallop, missed, but I slowed down to a trot and made the last shot good. Luckily for me, I found out later..."



4 "'If you missed in the old days, you committed hara kiri,' my host said. He traced yabusame's history—and capped the day with Canadian Club!"

5 "Honor is paramount to the Japanese. And no whisky is more honored here—or anywhere I travel—than my favorite, Canadian Club."

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Yet it has a distinctive flavor that is all its own. You can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. There is one and only one Canadian Club, and no other whisky tastes quite like it in all the world.

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"Canadian Club"

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